

Harmonia Sacra :
OR;
DIVINE HYMNS
AND
DIALOGUES.

WITH
A THOROW-BASS for the *Theorbo-Lute*,
Bass-Viol, *Harpsichord*, or *Organ*.

Composed by the Best M A S T E R S.

The W O R D S by several Learned and Pious Persons.

THE SECOND BOOK.

*Angels and Men assisted by this Art,
May Sing together, though they Dwell apart.*

Mr. Waller of Divine Poefie.

I M P R I M A T U R ,

Julii 1°. 1693.

GUIL. LANCASTER.

In the S A V O T :

Printed by Edward Jones, for Henry Playford at his Shop near the *Temple Church*,
and at his House over-against the *Blue-Ball* in *Arundel-Street* in the *Strand* :
Where also the *First Book* may be had. M D C X C I I I



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To the Reverend

HENRY ALDRICH, D.D.

Dean of *Christ-Church*, and Vice-Chancellor of the
Univerſity of O X F O R D.

S I R,

THIS is the Greatest Thing that I can do, for the Excellent Muſick, Poetry, and Piety of theſe Papers; it has been my Care indeed to ſave them from Oblivion, but they are Indebted to me now much more, for the Defence and Ornament of Your Name.

In Addreſſes of this kind, Men are uſually ſo far from ſuiting the Subject of their Treatiſes to the Qualifications of the Perſons they Apply to, that we may ſhortly expect to ſee Muſick Dedicated to the Deaf, as well as Poetry to Aldermen, and Prayer-Books to Atheiſts; and though generally it is a difficult matter to find a Worthy Patron for any One of theſe Excellencies, yet we happily find them all lodg'd in your ſelf. It has indeed been very ſeldom known ſince the Royal Prophet's Time, that any Single Man has been thus Qualified, but they All meet ſo Eminently in You, (not to mention thoſe other Great Advantages, which diſtinguiſh You from the reſt of the World,) that had it been poſſible for me to have been at a Loſs to whom I ſhould have Addreſſed my ſelf, Thouſands would have named You in the ſame Inſtant.

To make this Collection Compleat, and that it might conſiſt of ſome of the beſt Foreign Hands as well as our own, I have at the End inſerted ſome of Gratiano's and Cariffime's Compoſitions, which you, with the reſt of the juſt Judges of Muſick, ſo much Eſteem.

Pardon me then, Sir, if I preſume to beg Your Protection for theſe Papers, 'tis the utmoſt of my Fidelity and Love to my Charge; and I ſhall now have the Glory of Providing Better for other Men's Works, than ever the Fondeſt Author could do for His Own. I am,

S I R,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

Henry Playford.

To Dr. John Blow, and Mr. Henry Purcell, upon the First and Second
Books of H A R M O N I A S A C R A.

W Hen Sacred Numbers, and Immortal Lays,
Joyn'd to Record the Great Almighty's Praise,
Indulgent Heav'n the Poet did inspire
With Lofly Song to fill the Tuneful Lyre.

Thus when of Old, from *Egypt's* fruitful Land
God brought forth *Moses* by a mighty Hand,
His joyful Tongue with untaught Numbers flow'd,
Th' unusual *Harmony* its Author show'd.

The Sea divided as he pass'd along,
Retreating back at his Triumphant Song.
When *David's* Hand upon his Harp was found,
Heav'n soon Repenting, listen'd to the Sound.
And struggling Nature chang'd her wonted Course,
Unable to resist his *Musick's* Sacred Force.

His Prince's Rage this taught him to Controul,
And Tune the Discords of his Troubled Soul.

Not Fabled Orphens, or *Amphion's* Verse,
Can such amazing Prodigies rehearse.

We here the Mystic Art may learn unfold,
And feel the Wonders which we there are told.

No Cloudy Passions can our Breasts invade,
When *Sacred Harmony* dispels the Shade.

Here sprightly Numbers raise our heighten'd Zeal,
And Charming Sounds Seraphic Joys reveal.

Each skilful Hand and Tongue at once conspire
With Strings and Voice to make a Tuneful Choir:

Whilst mighty Joys the Ravish'd Senses wound,
And the Soul labours with th' Inspiring Sound.

Whither aloft it Tow'rs *Isaiab's* Flight,

Wing'd by Devotion to the greatest Height;

Or Mourning with the *Royal Prophet* lies,

And Weeps *Jerusalem's* just Miseries;

Or loves sweet *Sion's* beauteous Joys to tell,

"Where God himself chiefly delights to dwell;

Such lofly Measures, Notes so sweet, so strong,

Exalt the Numbers, and Improve the Song.

Hail mighty Pair! Of *Jubal's* Sacred Art,

The greatest Glory!

Not skilful *Asaph* understood so well,

And *Heman* vainly labour'd to Excel.

Where e'er the Gospel's Sacred Page is sung,

Where e'er great *David's* Tuneful Harp is strung,

Each Sacred Verse shall your Just Glories raise,

Each dancing String shall Eccho forth your Praise.

The Church as yet could never boast but Two

Of all the Tuneful Race, from *Jubal* down to You.

Dr. John Blow,
and Mr. Henry
Purcell.

H. SACHEVERELL, of Magd. Coll. Oxon.

To his unknown Friend, Mr. Henry Purcell, upon his Excellent Compositions
in the First and Second Books of HARMONIA SACRA.

Long had Dark Ignorance our Isle o'erspread,
Our *Musick* and our *Poetry* lay dead:
But the dull Malice of a Barb'rous Age,
Fell most severe on *David's* Sacred Page; (Fire,
To wound his Sense, and quench his Heav'n-born
Three dull Translators lewdly did conspire.
In holy Dogg'rel, and low-chiming Prose,
The King and Poet they at once Depose.
Vainly he did th' unrighteous Change bemoan,
And languish'd in vile Numbers not his own:
Nor stop'd his Usage here —————
For what escap'd in *Wisdom's* ancient Rhimes,
Was murder'd o'er and o'er by the *Composer's* Chimes.

What Praises, *Purcell*, to thy Skill are due;
Who hast to *Judab's* Monarch been so True?
By thee he moves our Hearts, by thee he Reigns,
By thee shakes off his old Inglorious Chains,
And sees new Honours done to his Immortal
(Strains.)

Not *Italy*, the Mother of each Art,
Did e'er a Juster, Happier Son impart.
In thy Performance we with Wonder find
Bassani's Genius to *Corelli's* joyn'd.
Sweetness combin'd with Majesty, prepares
To raise Devotion with Inspiring Airs.

Thus I unknown my Gratitude express,
And conscious Gratitude could pay no less.
This Tribute from each *British Muse* is due,
Our whole Poetic Tribe's oblig'd to you.
For where the Author's scanty Words have fail'd,
Your happier Graces, *Purcell*, have prevail'd.
And surely none but you with equal Ease
Could add to *David*, and make *Durvy* please.

T. BROWN.

To my Worthy Friend Mr. Henry Playford, upon his HARMONIA SACRA.

Musick and *Versè* have been abus'd too long,
Idly to furnish out some Wanton Song;
To varnish Vice, to make loose Folly shine,
And gild the vain Delights of Love, or Wine:
Both Heav'nly-born, but both constrain'd to fall
So far below their great Original,
The Erring World, not knowing how to trace
Through Vile Employments their Celestial Race.
Suppos'd their Birth was, as their Office, Base.
Rescu'd by you, they have again put on
Those Glorious Rays with which at first they shone;
Assert their Native Honour; and excite,
With awful Pleasure, Rev'rence, and Delight:

Here no loud Rant, no wild ungovern'd Strain,
Invokes plump *Bacchus*, and his sordid Train;
Here no fond Couplet kindles am'rous Fires,
No melting Note gives Birth to loose Desires:
Each Air, each Line, which in this Work appear,
Angels may fitly Sing, and Saints may hear.
Go on, my Friend; set Sacred *Musick* free
From Scandal, and more Sacred *Poetry*:
Publish'd by You, with double Grace they shine,
Lovely and Grave, Harmonious and Divine.

By an Unknown Hand.

A T A

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*A Catalogue of Vocal and Instrumental M U S I C K, most of which are newly
Reprinted for Henry Playford at his Shop near the Temple Church.*

HARMONIA SACRA, the first Book, being a Collection of *Divine Hymns* and *Dialogues*; Set to Musick by Dr. *John Blow*, Mr. *Henry Purcell*, and other Eminent Masters. *Cantica Sacra*, the first and second Books, being Anthems in three and four Parts in *Latin* and *English*. The *Psalms* to Musick in four Parts, in Folio. The four Choice Books of *Ayres* and *Dialogues*. The four Books of the *Theatre of Musick*. The six Books of the *Banquet of Musick*. The first and second Books of *Catches*.

The first and second Books of *Apollo's Banquet*, being Collections of the Newest Tunes for the *Treble-Violin*. The first and second Parts of the *Division-Violin*, containing the newest Grounds for the *Violin*. The first and second *Consorts* of Mr. *Farmer's Musick*, in four Parts. A *Consort of Musick* in three Parts, by Mr. *John Lenton*, and Mr. *Tho. Tollet*. The *Dancing-Master*, with Tunes to each Dance, and Directions for *Country-Dancing*; the Eighth Edition. The *Introduction to the Skill of Musick*; the Twelfth Edition. A Table Engraven on Copper, shewing any Note within the Compass of the *Bass-Viol*; very Beneficial to Young Practitioners on that Instrument.

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☞ Also all sorts of *Ruled Paper* and *Ruled Books*, with *Songs* and *Tunes* fairly Prick'd, and Books on all other Subjects, are sold at the same Place.

A DIVINE HYMN.

Words by Dr. William Fuller, formerly Lord Bishop of Lincoln.

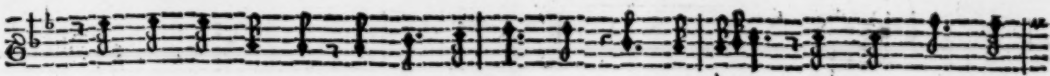
Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



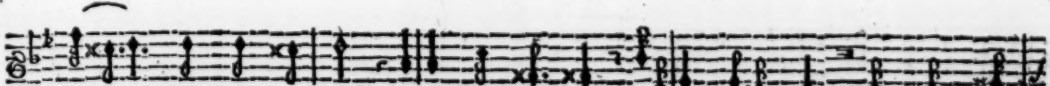
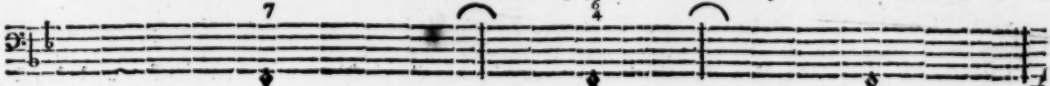
Ord, what is Man, loft Man, that thou should'st be fo mindful of him!



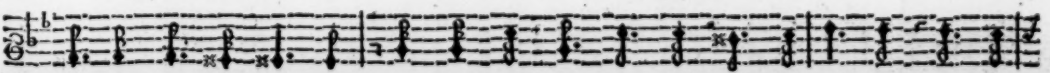
Lord, what is Man, loft Man, that thou should'st be fo mind-ful of him!



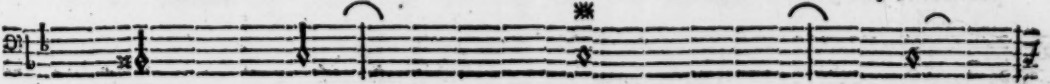
that the Son of God forfook his Glo-ry, his A-bode, to be-come a



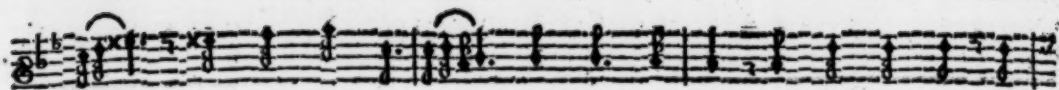
poor tor-ment-ed Man! Lord, what is Man, loft, loft Man, that thou should'st



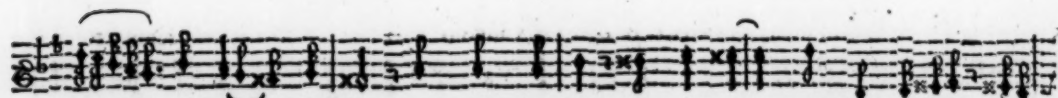
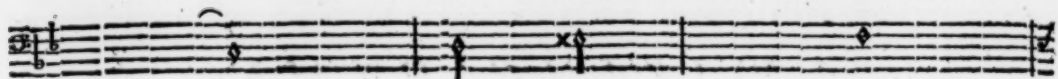
be fo mindful of him! that the Son of God for-fook his Glo-ry, his A-



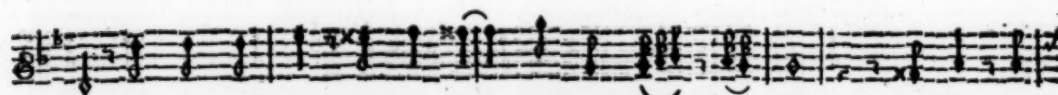
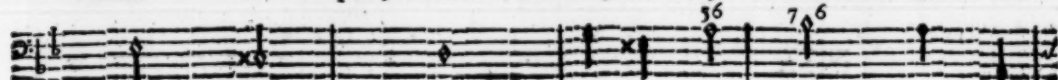
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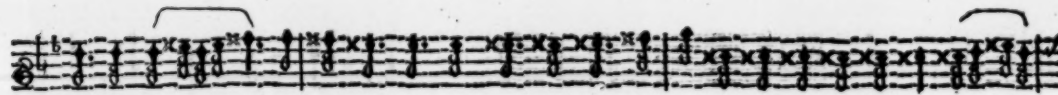
bode, to be—come a poor tor—ment—ed Man! the De—i—ty was



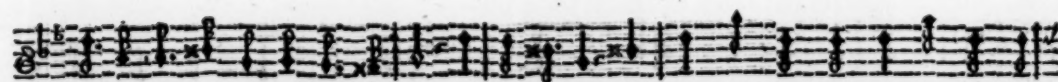
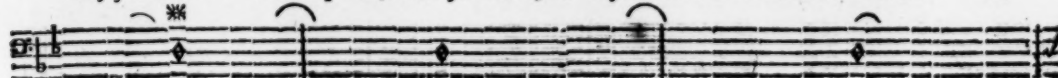
shrunk in—to a Span, and that for me, for me, O wond'rous Love! for



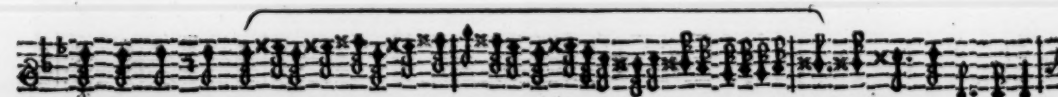
me, and that for me, for me, O wond'rous Love! for me. Reveal, re-



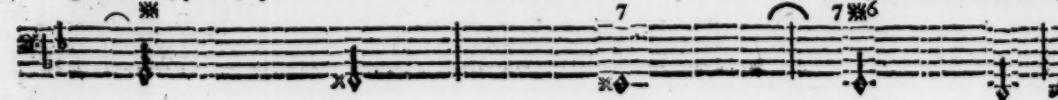
veal, ye Glo—rious Spirits, when ye knew, the way the Son of God took to renew loft

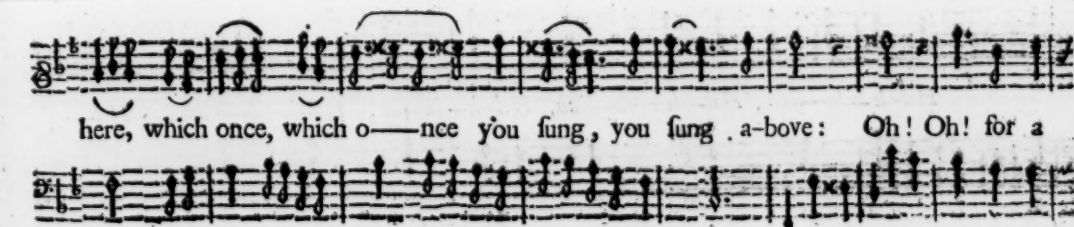
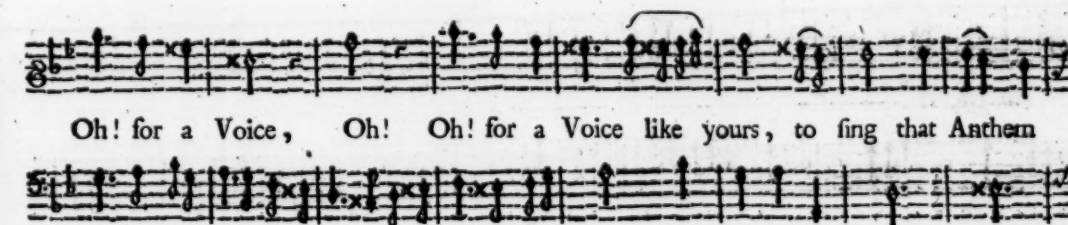
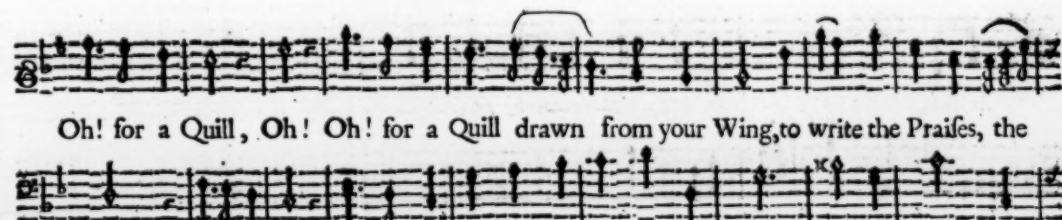
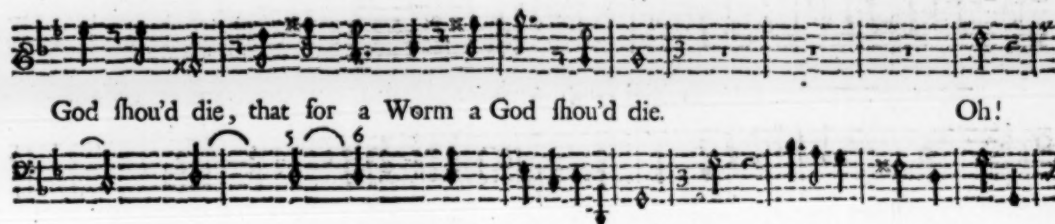
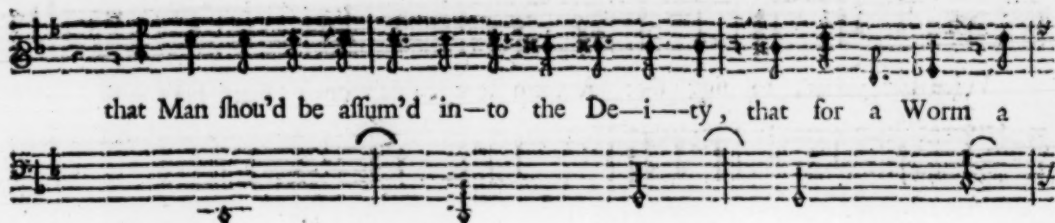


Man, your vacant Places to supply; blest Spirits tell, tell, which, which did Excel, which was more



prevalent, your Joy—, or your Astonishment;





Voice like yours, to sing that Anthem here, which once you fu

ng, you sung a—bove. Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—


lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—

le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—

lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab,

Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—le—lu—jab, Hal—

[3]



le-lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab,



Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-le-



lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-



le-lu-jab, Hal-le-lu-jab, Hal-

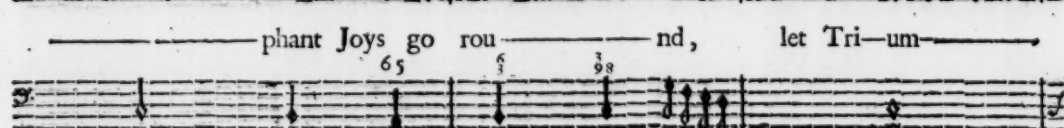
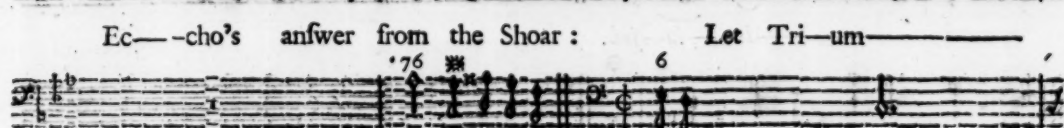
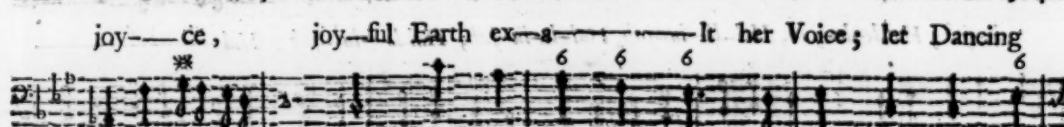
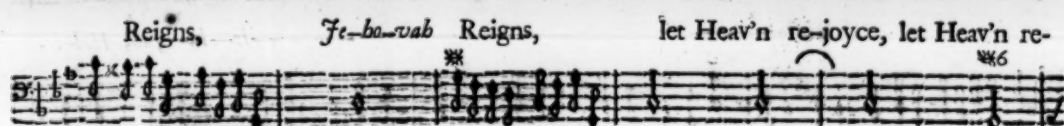
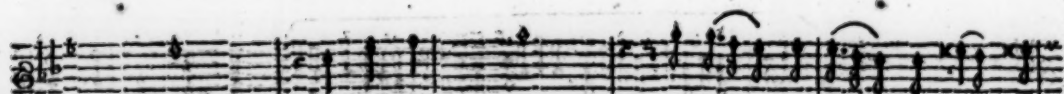


le-lu-jab.



A Divine HYMN.

Set by Mr. Barrincoe.



[4]


phant Joys go rou—nd, He

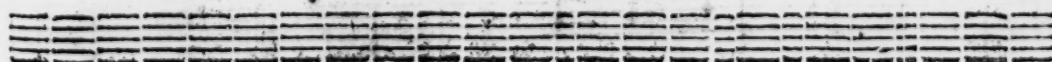
comes, he comes with Glo-ry crown'd, he comes, he comes with Glo-ry crown'd, with

Glo—ry

crown'd; To Judge the Earth, the World to Sway, and his Truth, and his

Truth to Me—n Display.

 The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.



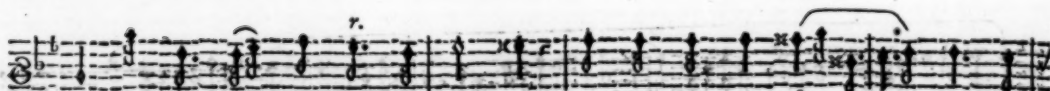
*The Blessed Virgin's EXPOSTULATION;
When our Saviour (at Twelve Years of Age) had with-
drawn himself, &c. Luke 2. v. 42.*

Words by Nat. Tate Esq;

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



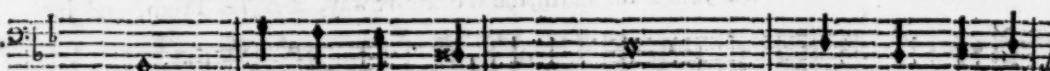
ELL me, tell me, some, some Pi—ty—ing An—gel,



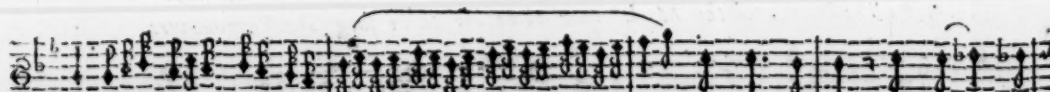
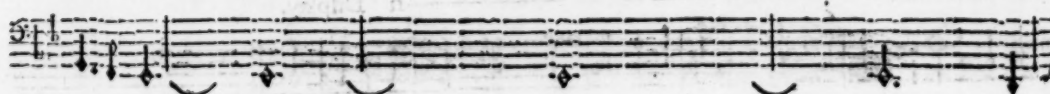
tell quickly, quickly, quickly say, Where, where does my Soul's swee—t Darling



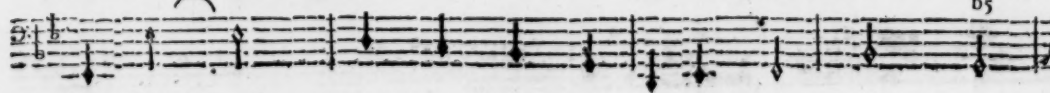
Stray, in Tygers, or more cru—el, more cru—el, cruel Herod's



way? Ah! Ah—! ra—ther, ra—ther let his lit—tle, lit—tle Foot—steps

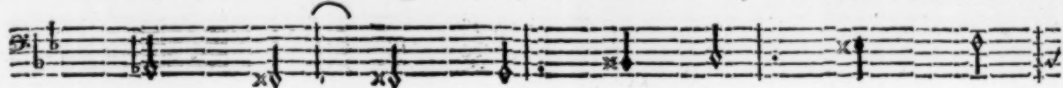


press un—re—gar—ded throu—gh the Wilderness, where mild—er,

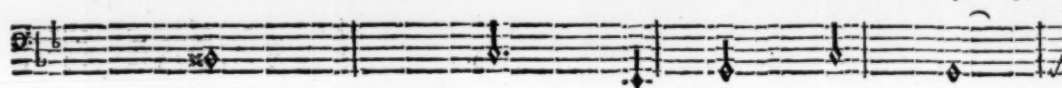




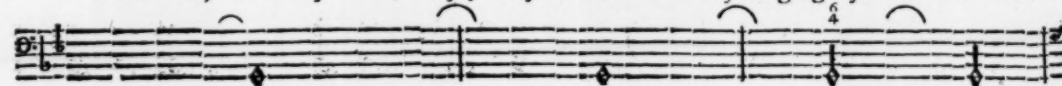
milder, where milder Sal-va-ges resort, the Defart's fafer, the Defart's fafer than a



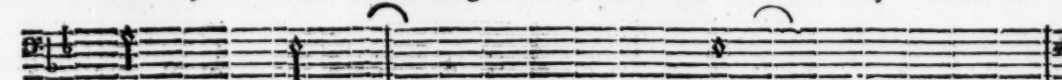
Ty ————— rant's Court. Why, why,



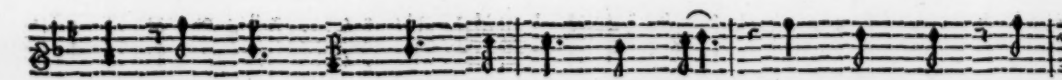
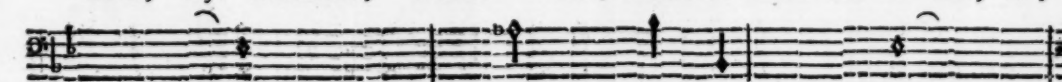
fairest Object of my Love, why, why dost thou from my longing Eyes re—move?



Was it, was it a Waking Dream, that did fore-tell thy Wondrous

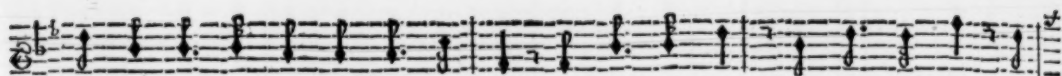


Birth, thy Wondrous, Wond—rous, Wondrous Birth? No Vi—sion, no,

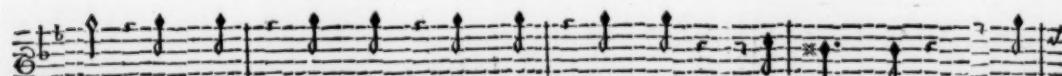


no, no, no, no Vi—sion from a—bove? Where's Ga—briel, where's

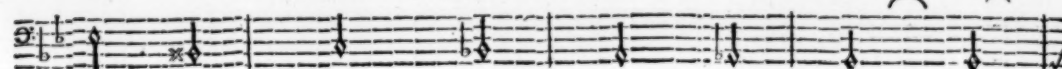




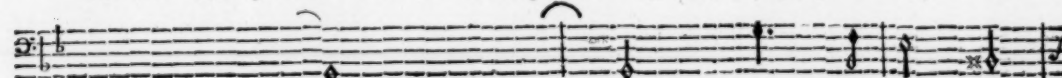
Gabriel now, that vi—sit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call, I call, I



call Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! Ga—briel! he comes not: Where's



Ga—briel now, that vi—sit—ed my Cell? I call, I call, I call Ga—briel!



Gabriel! Gabriel! Gabriel! he comes not; flatt'ring, flatt'ring Hopes, fare—

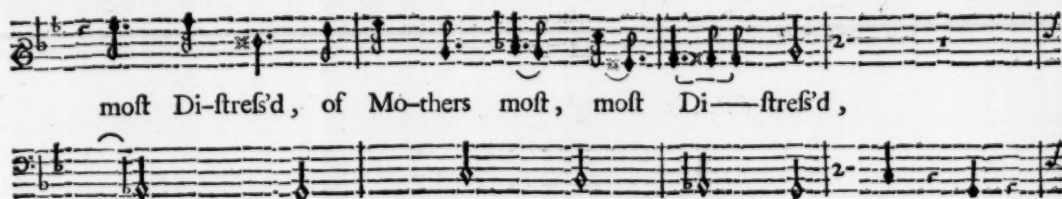
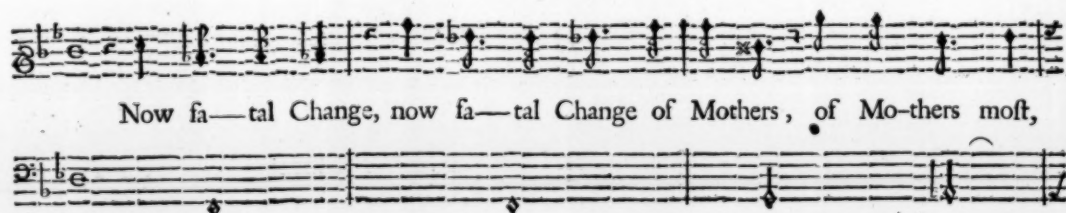
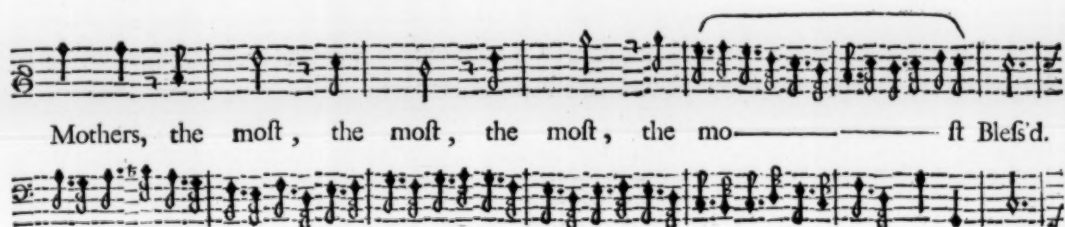


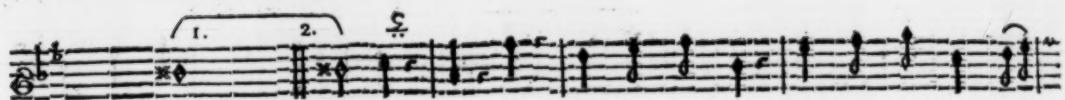
wel, fare—wel, fare—wel, flatt'ring Hopes, fare—wel. Me fu—dab's



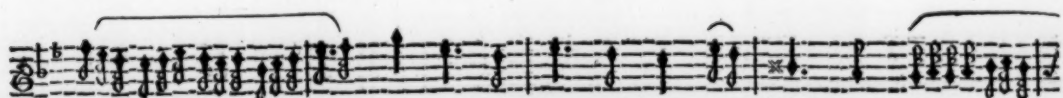
Daughters on—ce Carefs'd, Call'd me of Mo—thers, the



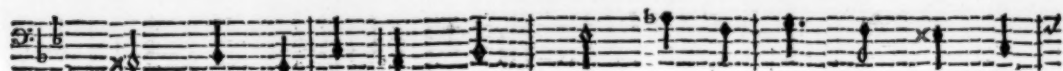




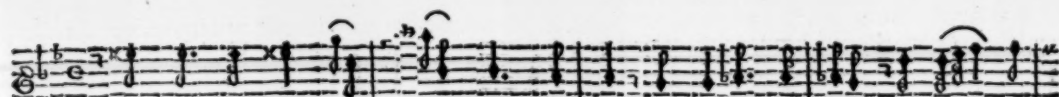
guide? guide? How, how, how, how shall I stem, how shall I stem the



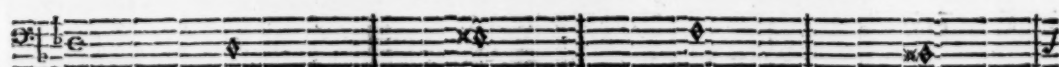
va ————— rious, various Tide, whilst Faith and Doubt my Lab' —————



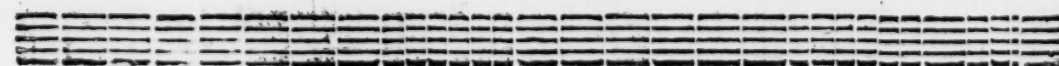
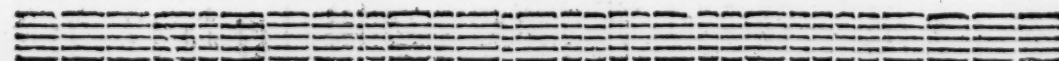
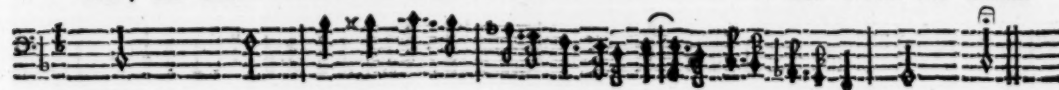
—ring Soul di—vide? How, &c. —vide?



For whilst of thy dear, dear Sight beguil'd, I trust the God, but Oh! I



fear, but Oh ————— ! Oh! I fear the Child:

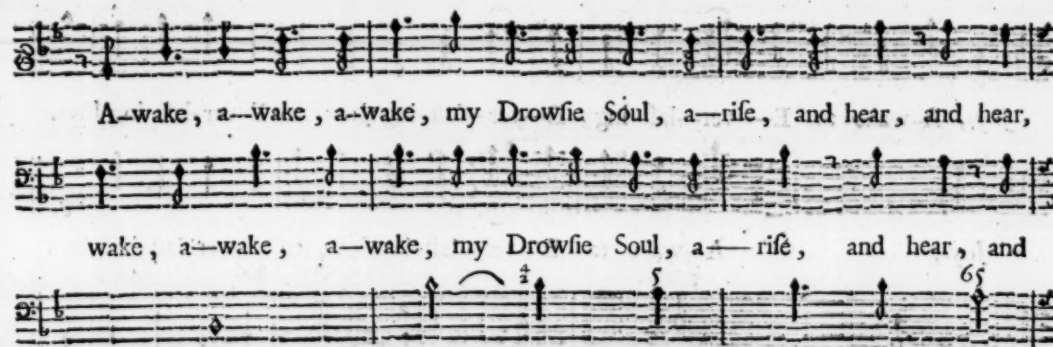
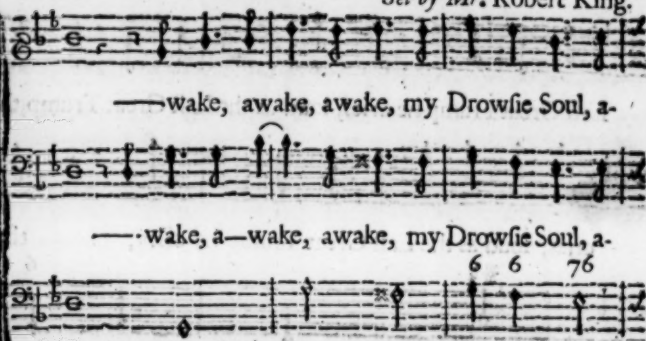


A Divine HYMN.

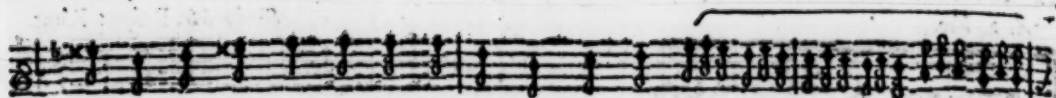
[7]

A. 2. Voc.

Set by Mr. Robert King.



D

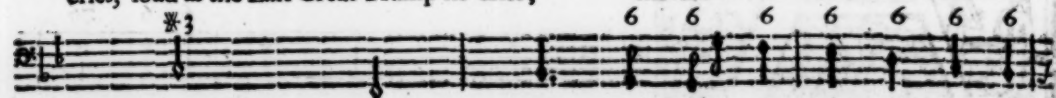


Laft Great Trump he cries, loud as the Laft Great Trump, the La



cries, loud as the Laft Great Trump he cries,

the La

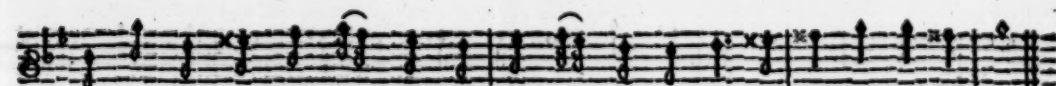
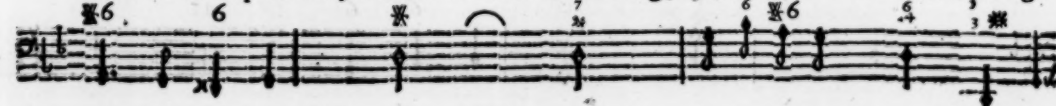


—ft Great Trump he cries,

Awake to E-ver-laft-ing



—ft Great Trump he cries, A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing Joys, A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing

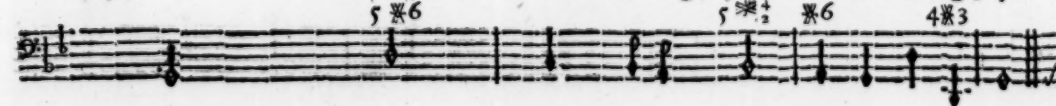


Joys, A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing, E-ver-laft-ing Joys, to E-ver-laft-ing Joys.

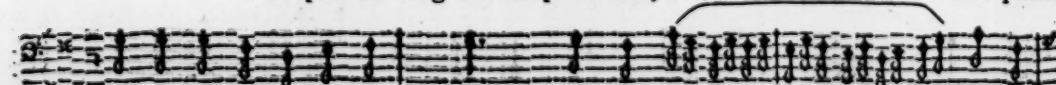


Joys,

A-wake to E-ver-laft-ing Joys, to E-ver-laft-ing Joys.



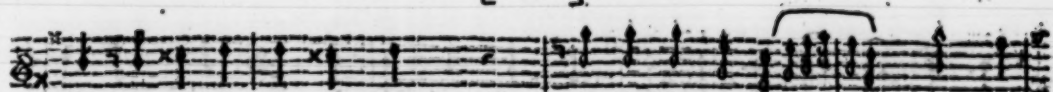
Prepare for long Tri-um-phant Blifs, Tri ————— um-phant



Prepare for long Triumphant Blifs,

for long Tri ————— um-phant

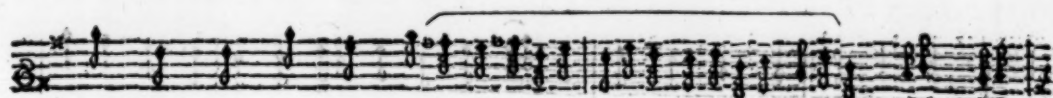




Bliss, for long Tri-um-phant Bliss, prepare for long Tri-um-phant



Bliss, for long Triumphant Bliss, prepare for long Triumphant Bliss, for long Triumphant



Bliss, pre-pare for long Tri-um-phant



Bliss, prepare for long Tri-um-phant



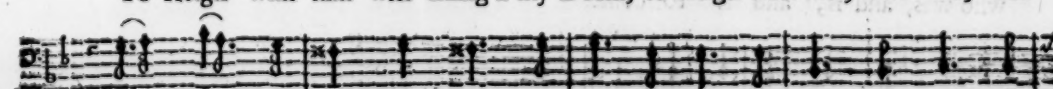
Bliss, pre-pare for long Tri-um-phant Bliss;



Bliss, pre-pare for long Tri-um-phant Bliss;

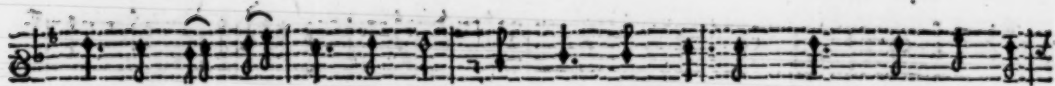


To Reign with him who chang'd thy Doom, to Reign with him, who was, and



To Reign with him who chang'd thy Doom, to Reign with him, who was, and





is, who was, and is to come; who was, who was, who was, who was, and



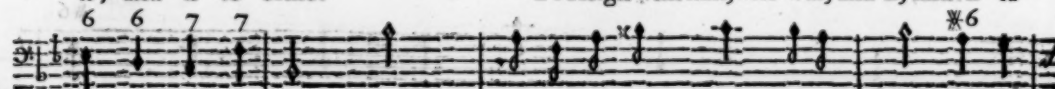
is, who was, and is to come; and is, and is, and is, who was, and



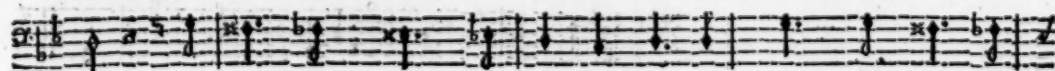
is, and is to come: To Reign with him, who was, and is, who was, and is, and is to



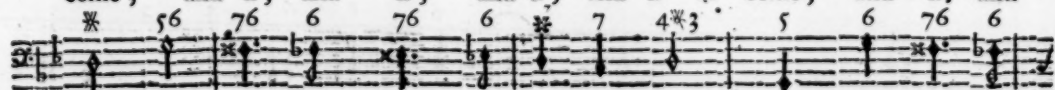
is, and is to come: To Reign with him, who was, and is, and is to



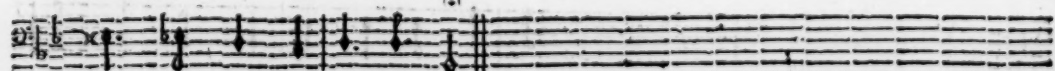
come; who was, who was, who was, and is, and is to come; who was, who was,



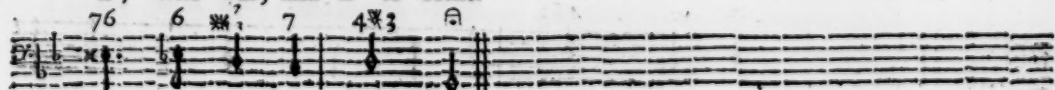
come; and is, and is, and is, and is to come; and is, and



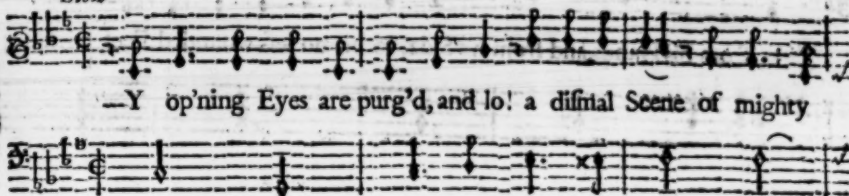
who was, and is, and is to come.



is, who was, and is to come.

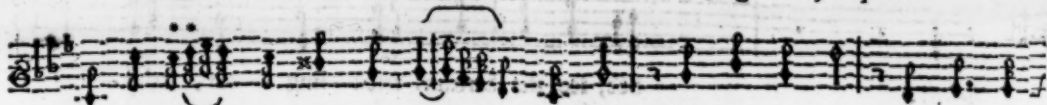


A Divine Song on the PASSION of our SAVIOUR.

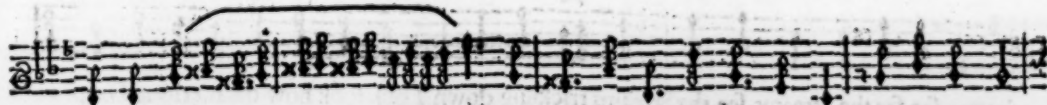
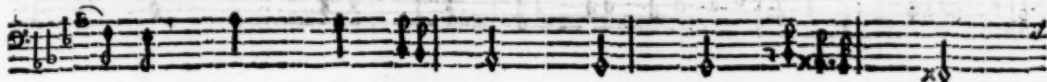
Slow

—Y op'ning Eyes are purg'd, and lo! a dismal Scene of mighty

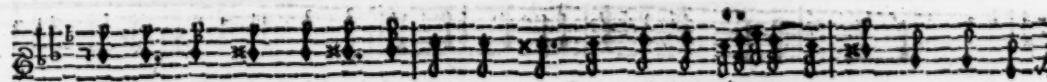
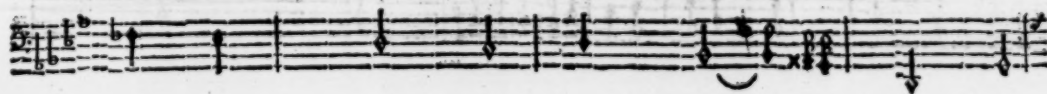
☞ The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.



Woe! a dif—mal Scene of migh—ty Woe! What is't I see? Mankind's Re-



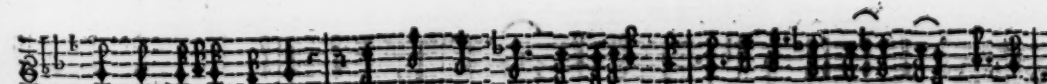
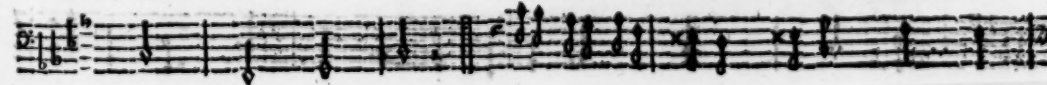
deemer fire ———— tch'd up—on the Curfed Tree, up—on the Curfed Tree;



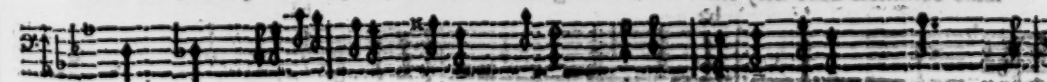
with ghastly Wounds his Bo—dy torn, his Limbs with ruder Scour—ges worn; no room for

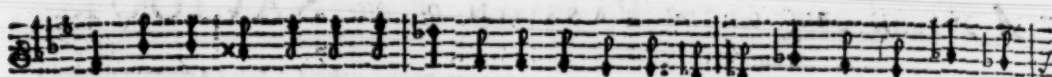


Doubt; A—las! A—las! 'tis He! See, my Soul, the Purple Pride, that a-

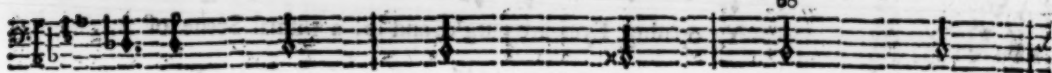


dorns his Thorny Crown; see, see the Streams that haste to meet another head-long bloody





Tide, from his Hands, and from his Side, to his no less wounded Feet, trickling down, trickling

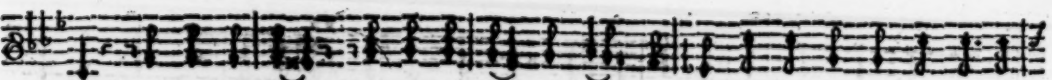
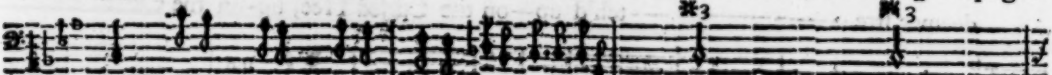


down;

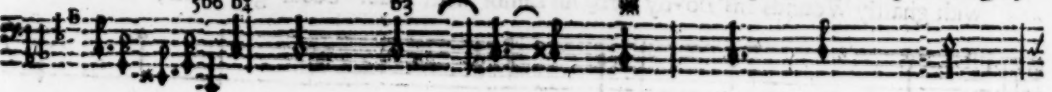
See, see the Streams trick—ling down, trick—ling



down; see, see the Streams, see the Streams trickling down. Look, look how the meriting Drops gush



out from their wide Wound; Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty

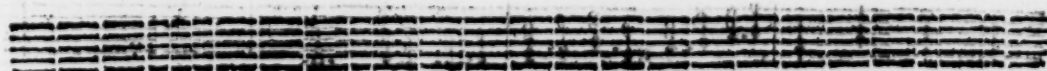
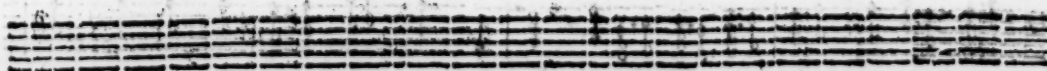
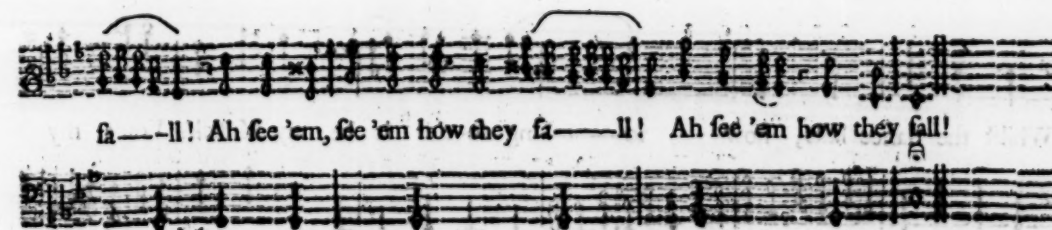
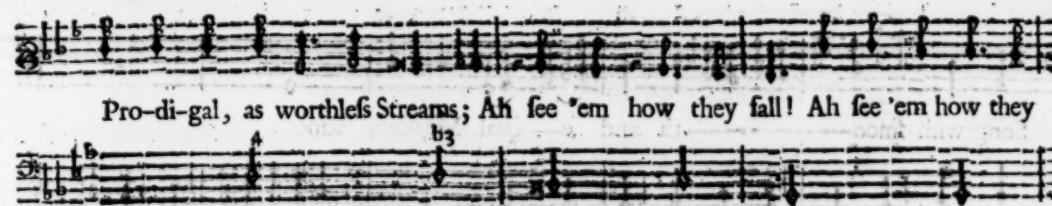
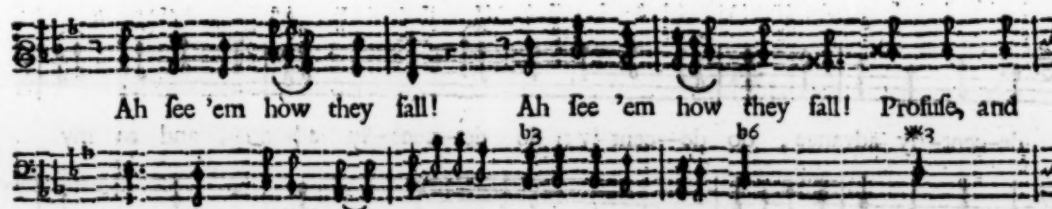
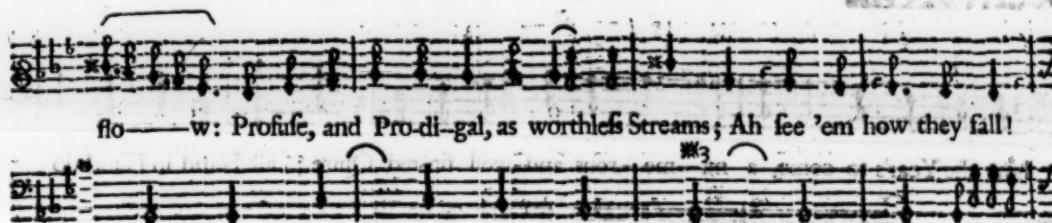
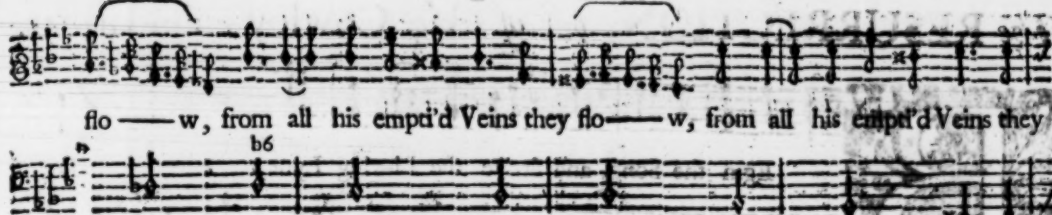


Price, Myſterious Drops of mighty Price, each, each an offending World's ſufficient Sacrifice;



Like common Gore they ſtain the bluſhing Earth around, from all his empti'd Veins they





The RESURRECTION, out of Mr. Cowley's Pindaricks.



BEGIN the Song, and Strike the Li-ving Lyre,

Lo,

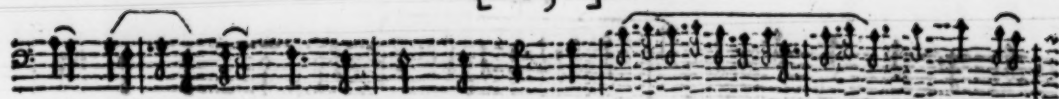
how the Year's to come, a nu-me-rous and well fit-ted Quire; all Hand in Hand do

de-cent-ly advance, do de-cent-ly, do de-cent-ly advance, and to my

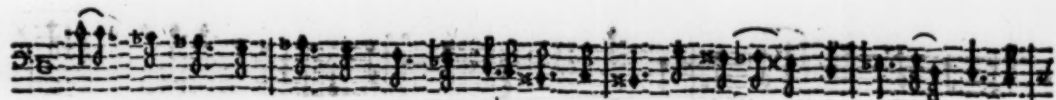
Song with smoo—th and e—qual Measures dance:

Whilst the dance lasts, how lo—ng so-e'er it be, my Musick's Voice, my

Mu—sick's Voice shall bear it com-pa-ny, till



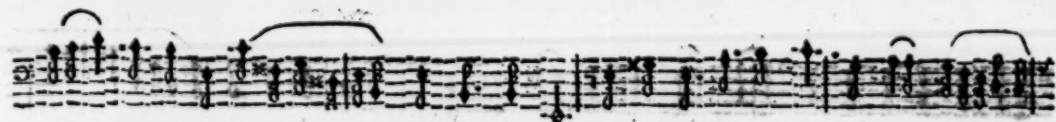
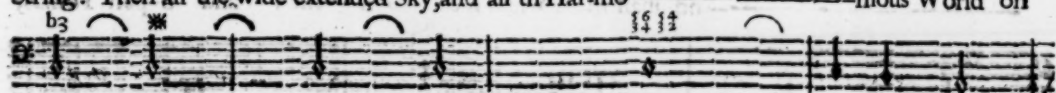
all gen—de Notes be drown'd, in the Last Trum—pet's dreadful



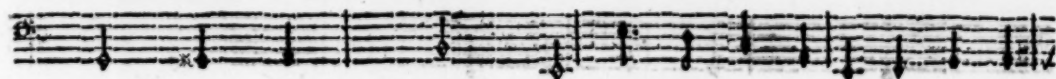
Sound; that to the Sphears themselves shall Si—lence bring, un—tune the U—ni-ver-sal



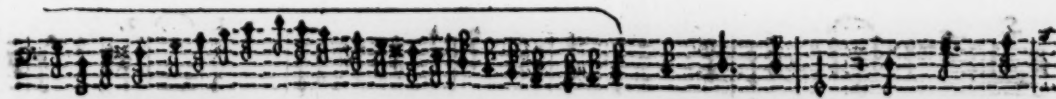
String: Then all the wide extended Sky, and all th'Har-mo—nious World on



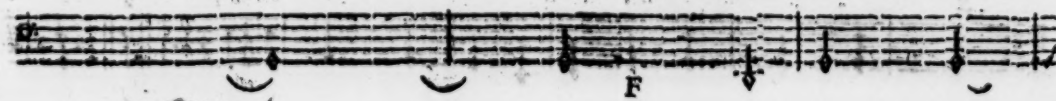
high, and *Virgil's* Sa—cred Work shall die: And he himself shall see in one Fi—re

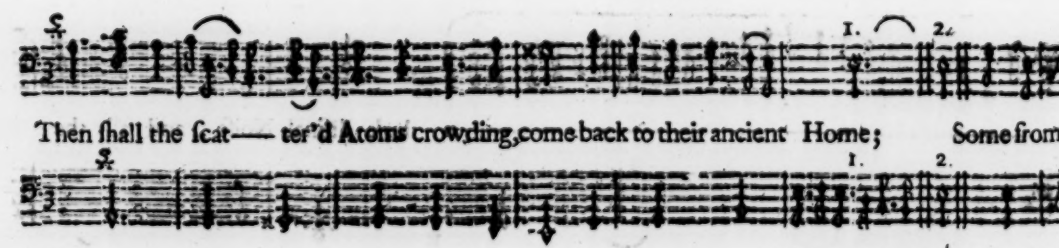
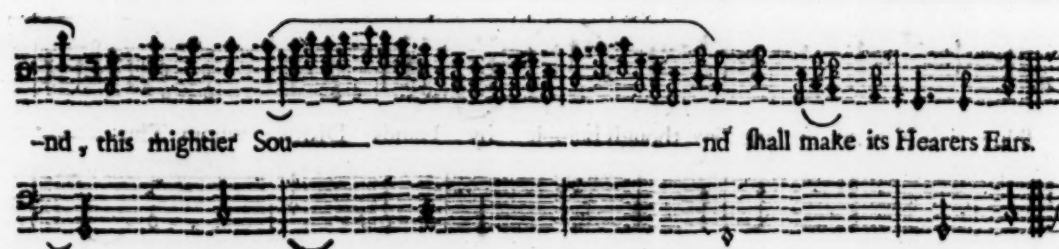
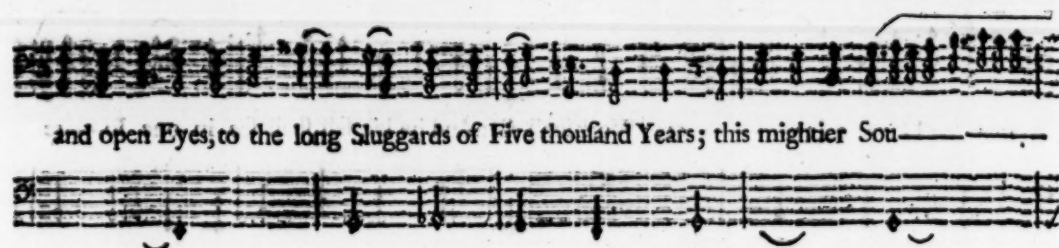
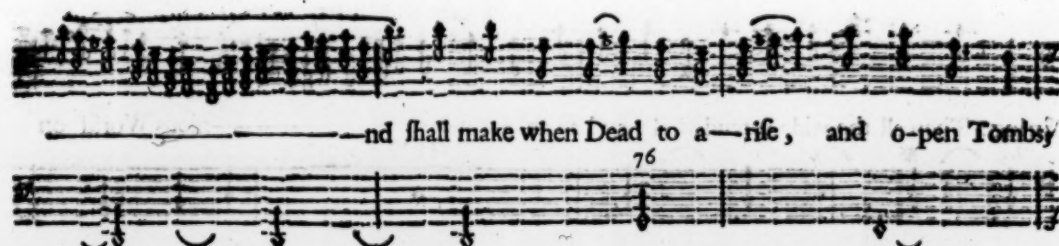
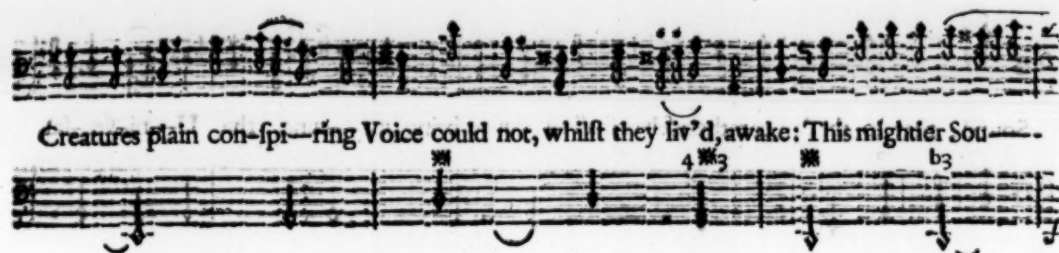


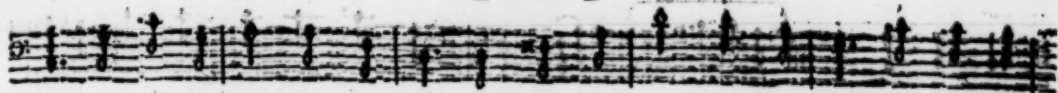
hite, rich Nature's ancient *Troy*, though bui—lt by Hands Divine; whom Thu—



n—der's dismal Noise, and all the







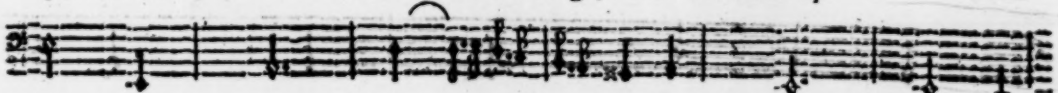
Birds, from Fishes some, some from Earth, and some from Seas, some from Beasts, and some from



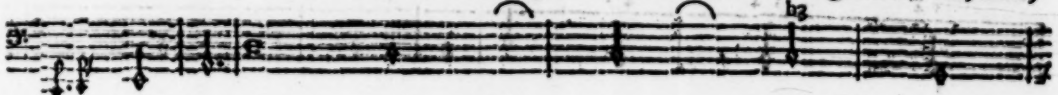
Trees; some de—scend from Clouds on high, some from Metals upward



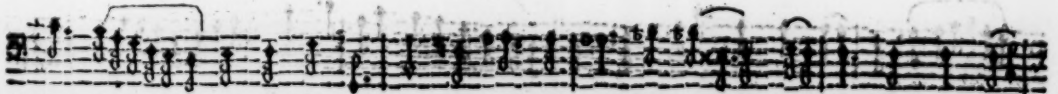
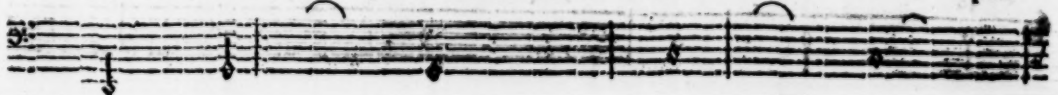
fly; some de—scend from Clouds on high, some from Metals up—



ward fly. And where th'at-ten-ding Soul naked and shi-ve-ring hands meet, salute,

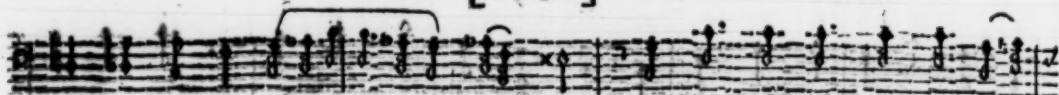


and joyn their Hands; as di-spers'd Soldiers at the Trum—pets

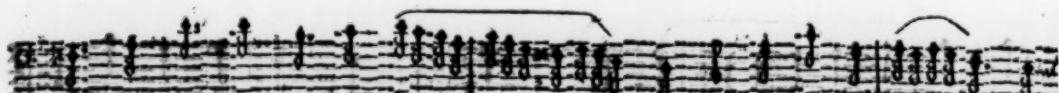


Call, ha—st to their Colours all; un-hap-py, most like tor-tur'd Men, their Joynts new

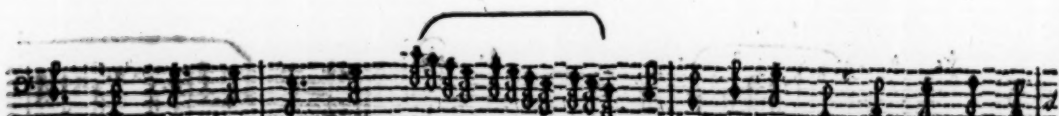
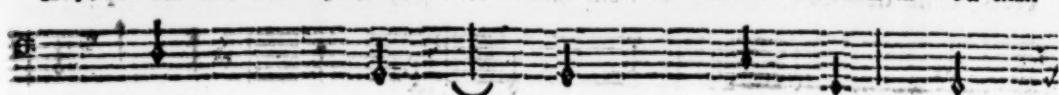




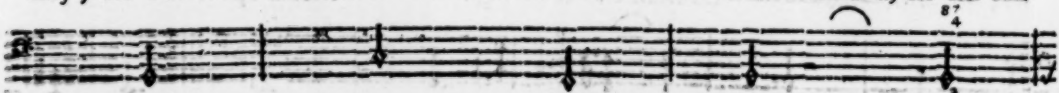
set, to be new wra—ck'd a—gain: To Mountains they for Shel—ter



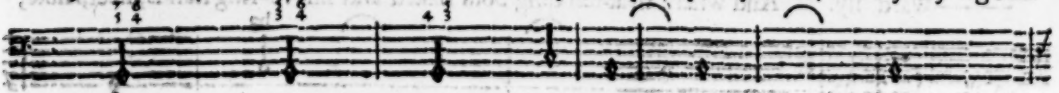
pray, the Mountains shake, and ru—n a—bout no less con—fu—s'd than



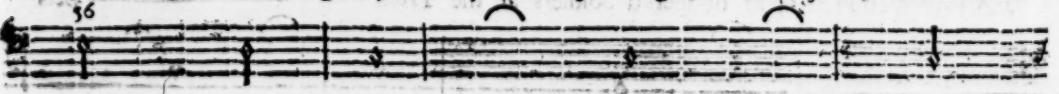
they; the Mountains shake, and ru—n a—bout no less confus'd, no less con—



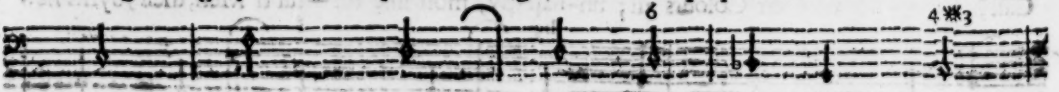
fus'd, no less confus'd, no less con—fu—s'd than they. Stop, stop, my Muse, al—lay thy vig'rous

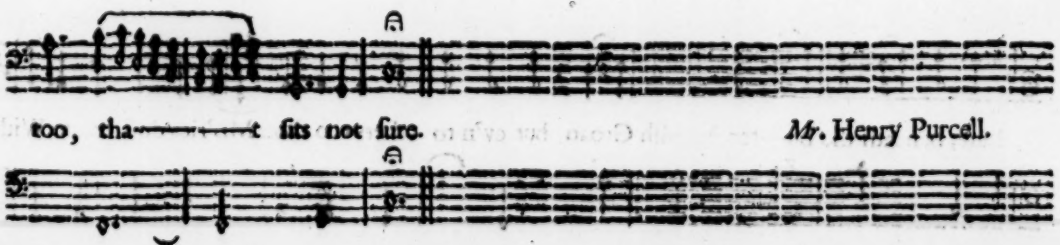
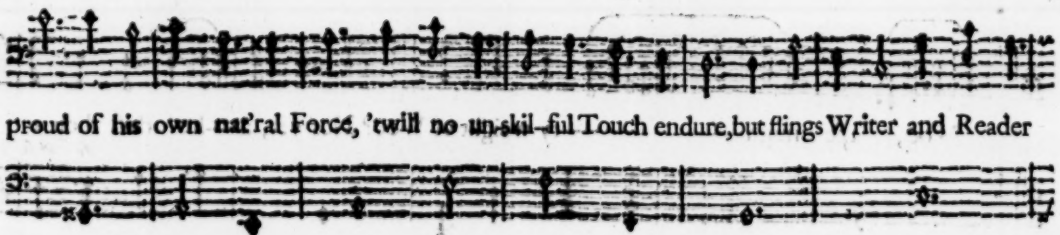
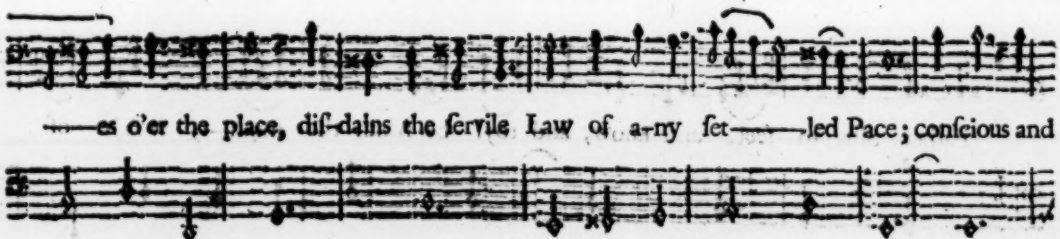
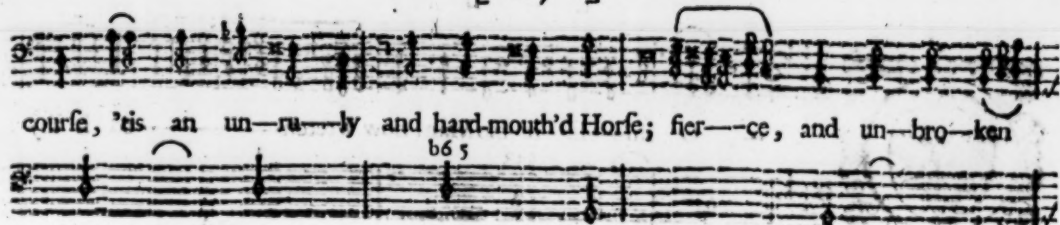


Heat, kindled at a hint, so great; hold thy Pindarique *Pe-gasus* close-ly in, which does to



Ra—ge be—gin; and this steep Hill wou'd gal—lop up with vi—o—lent








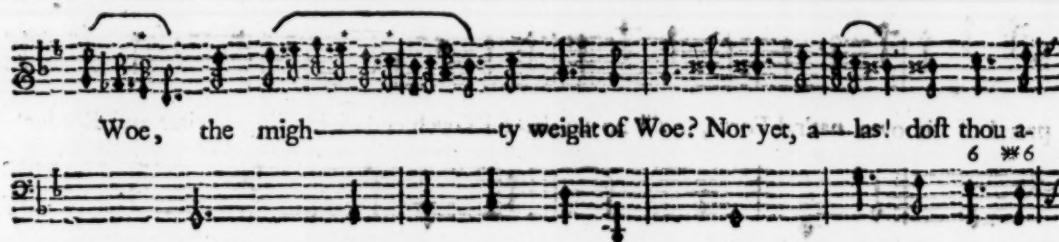
O mi—fe—ra—ble Man! how wretch—ed is thy



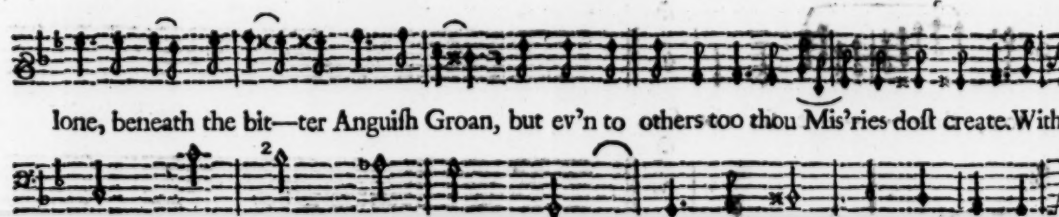
State, born to un—der—go the Drud—ge—ry of Fate; thine and thy



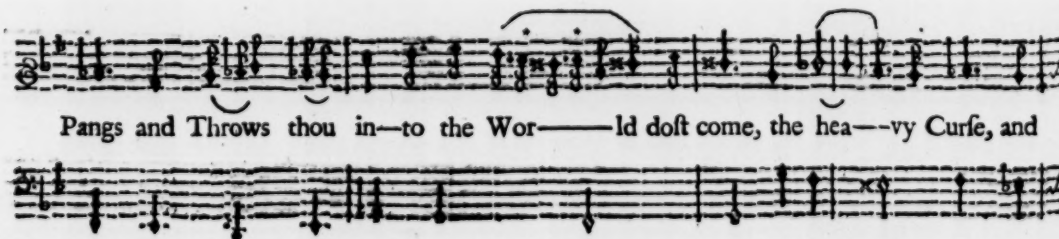
Fathers Sins to feel, and know, and toyl be—neath the migh—ty weight of



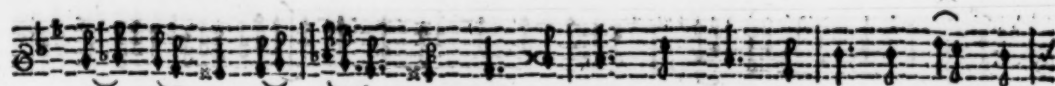
Woe, the migh—ty weight of Woe? Nor yet, a—las! dost thou a—



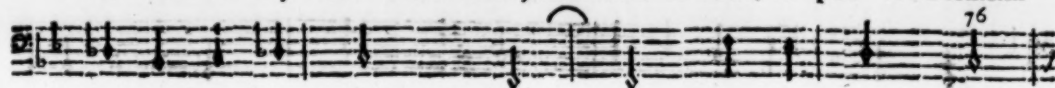

lone, beneath the bit—ter Anguish Groan, but ev'n to others too thou Mis'ries dost create. With



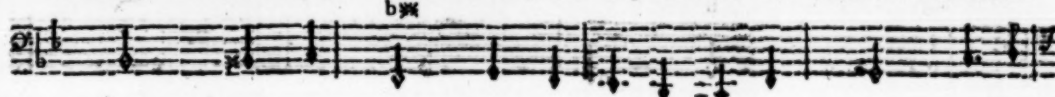
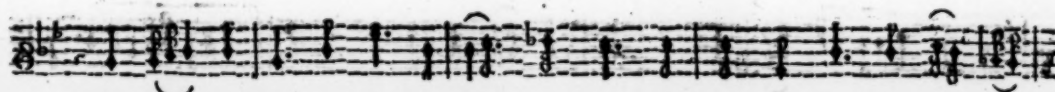
Pangs and Throws thou in—to the Wor—ld dost come, the hea—vy Curse, and




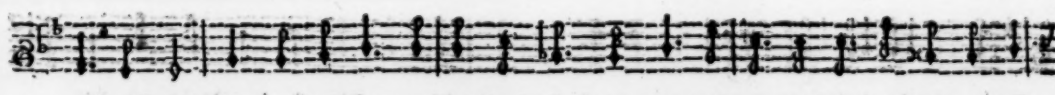
Bur—then of thy Mo—ther's Womb; the Dawn of Life, its part of Torments

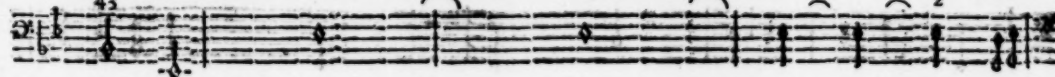
Shares, 'tis Usher'd in with Cries, and all, and all be—dew'd with Tears.

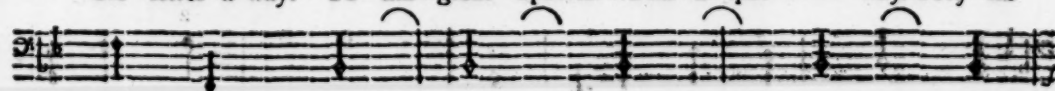
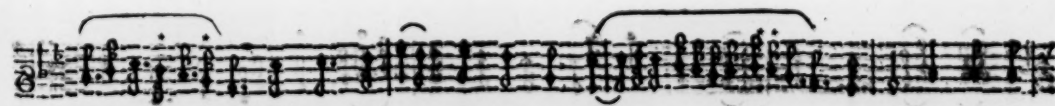
How short is Life! we scarcely draw our Breath, but we must strait fur—ren—der't

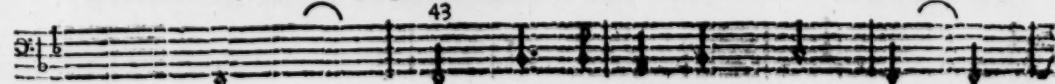
up to Death; Time on its Wings our Substance does convey, unknow'n to us it steals us from

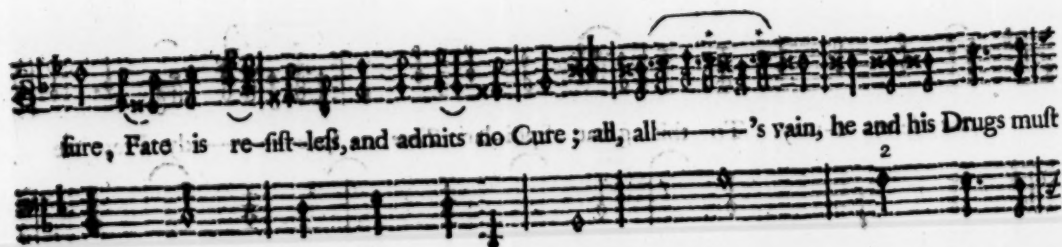
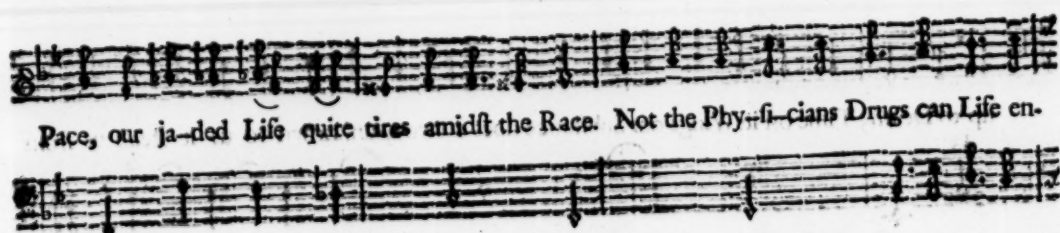
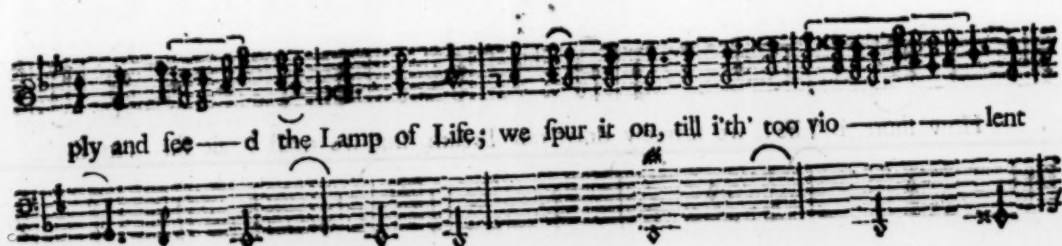
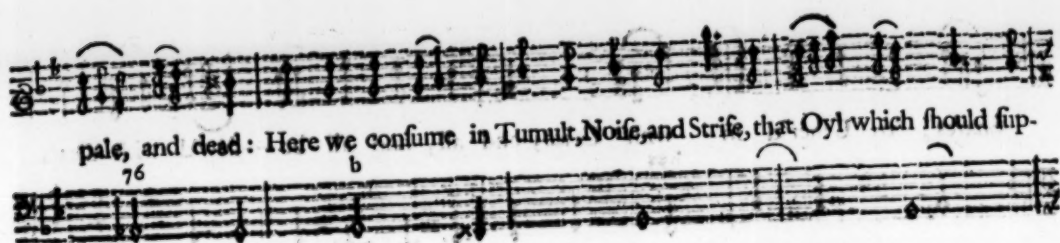
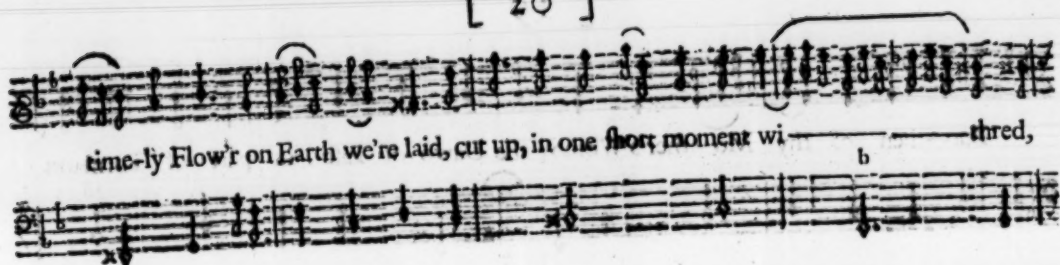



our selves a-way. To this great Spoil-lar Time a spec—dy Prey we

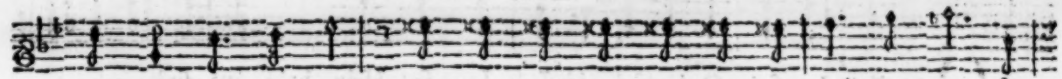
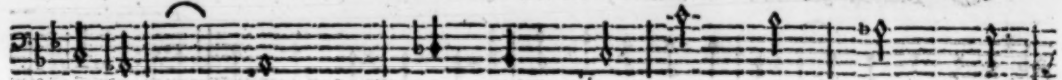
fa—ll, with his im—par-tial Scythe he mow—s us all; like an un—



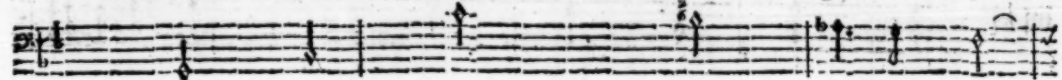




I. O, O whither then for Succour shall we flee! O, O whither, dear—est God, O



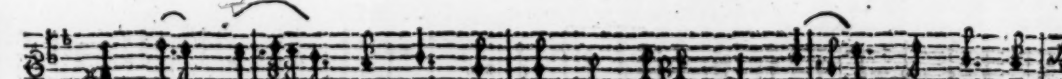
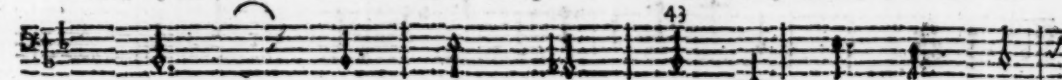
whither, but to thee! One gra-cious Look from thee can give us Ease, and



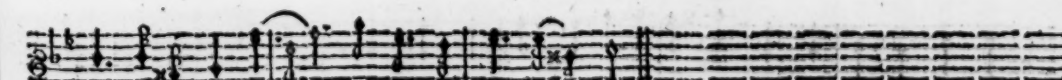
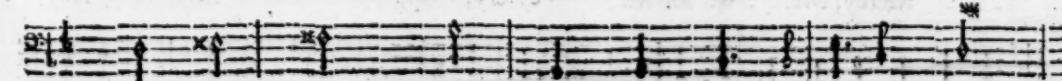
make the A—go-nies of Death it self to please; thy Wounds can make us



whole, thy Blood wash off our Stains, and pu—ri—fie our Soul, loaded with all our



Sins: Pres'd dow—n we fall, while Hell its black Jaws stretch—es to de-



vour us all, stretch—es to de-vour us all.

(CHORUS over Leaf)



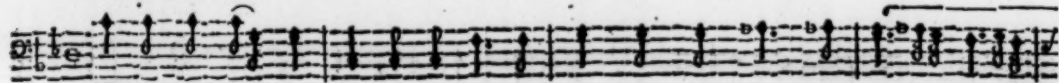
CHORUS.



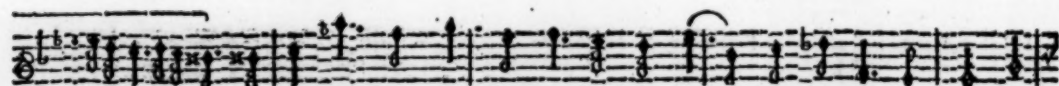
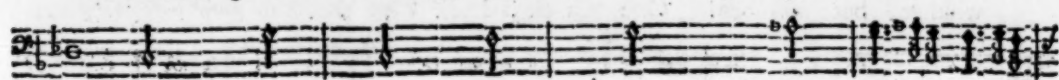
O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, help, we sink—



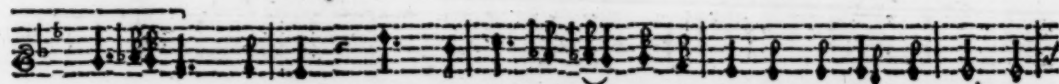
O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, we sink—



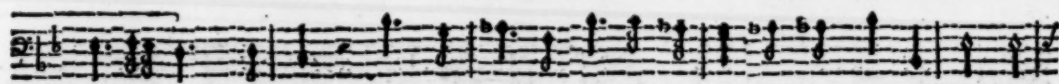
O Blessed Je—su! O blessed, blessed Je—su! Help, help, we sink—



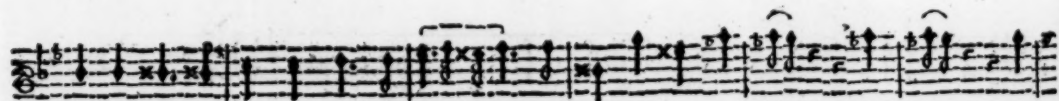
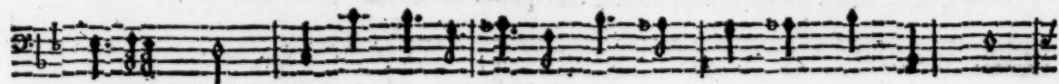
—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,



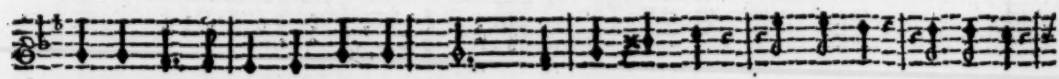
—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,



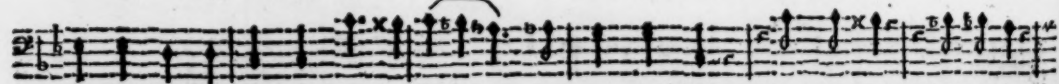
—ing are! O, we're swallow'd up in the vast Gulph of black Despair! O,



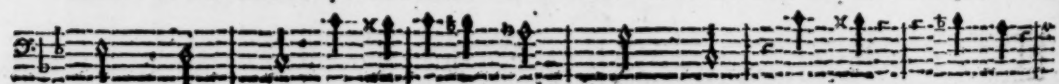
Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, O help, help, help, help,



Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,



Mercy, Mercy, Mercy, we for Mer—cy cry, Help, help, or we're lost, or we're lost,





help, we're lo—ft to all E—ter—ni—ty!

or we're loft, we're lo—ft to all E—ter—ni—ty!

or we're loft, we're lo—ft to all E—ter—ni—ty!

Mr. Daniel Purcell.

AN EVENING HYMN.



HE Night is come, the Night is come, the Night is co—

—me, like to the Day, de—part not thou, de—part not

thou, Grea—t God, a—way; on thee O Lor—d, I do—Repose, pro—

The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.

test me, pro- test me fro- m my Watchful Foes; So shall

I se- cure-ly lay, and sweet- ly, and sweet-

ly pass the Hours away, and sweet- ly pass the Hours away.

CHORUS. A 2. Voc.

In heav'nly Dreams my Sou- l advance, O make, O make my Sleep a Ho- ly Trance:

In heav'nly Dreams my Soul advance, O make my Sleep a Ho- ly Trance:

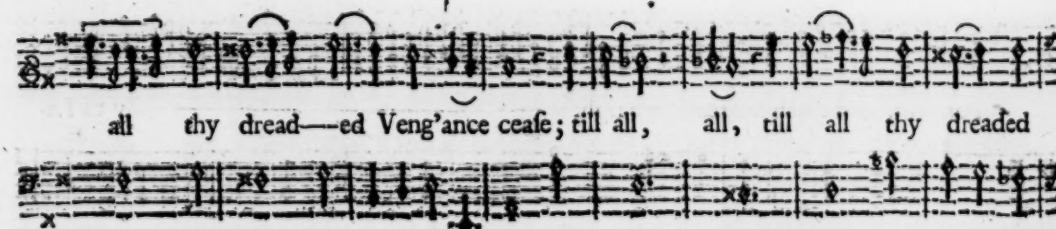
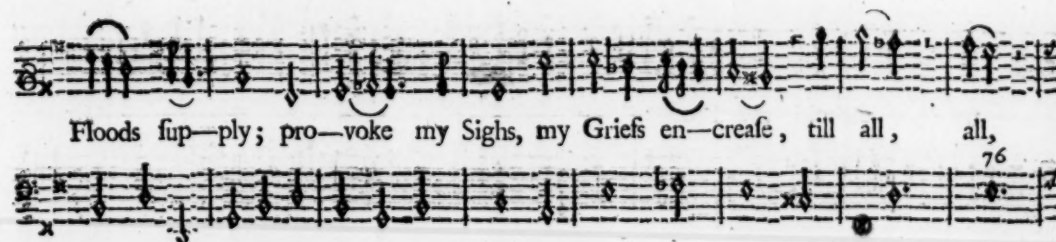
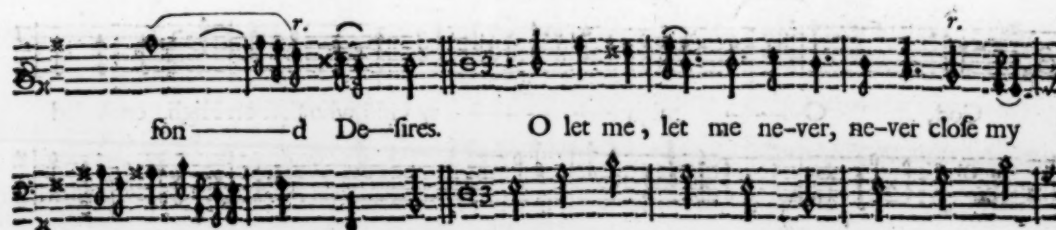
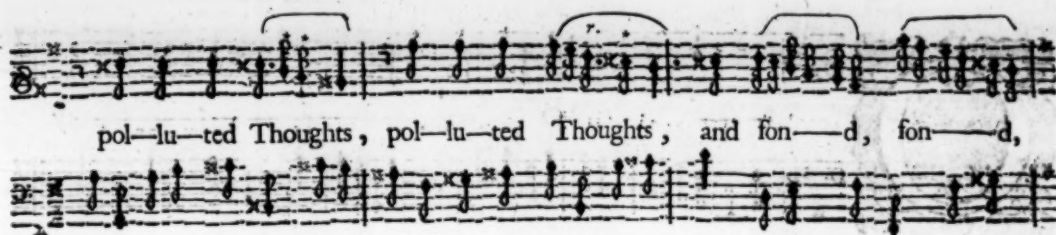
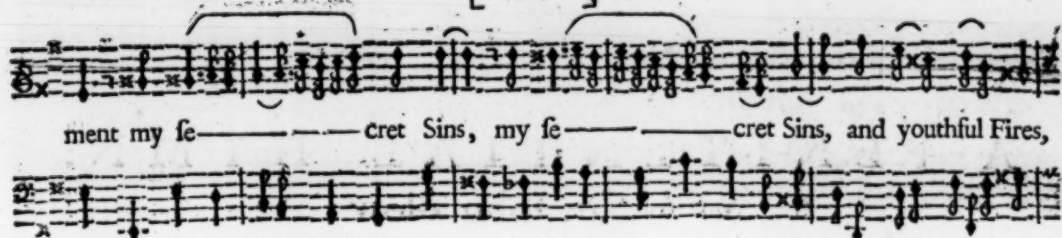
Sleep is a Death, O let me try, by Slee- ping, how it is to Die.

Sleep is a Death, O let me try by Slee- ping, how it is to Die.

A PENITENTIAL HYMN:

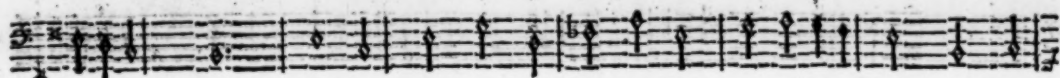
Set by Dr. John Blow.



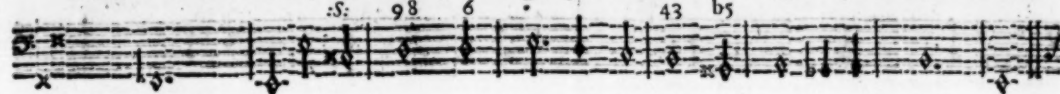




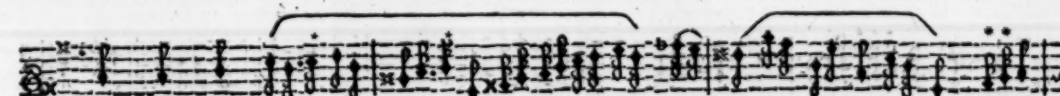
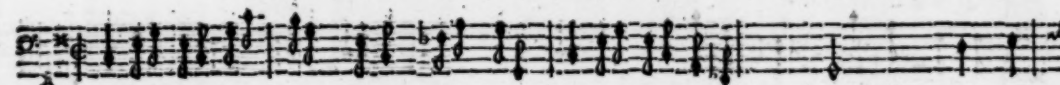
Ven—g'ance cease : My Heart, which Har—bours



Grof—fer Fires, Dis—solve, O migh—ty, Dissolve, O migh—ty God, in Tears.



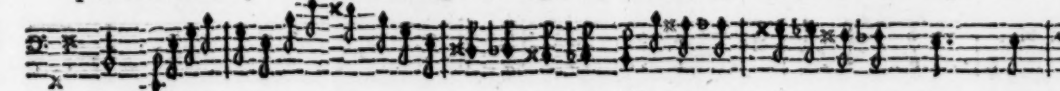
Thus when of Old, when of Old, thus when of Old, the Subborn Rock, felt



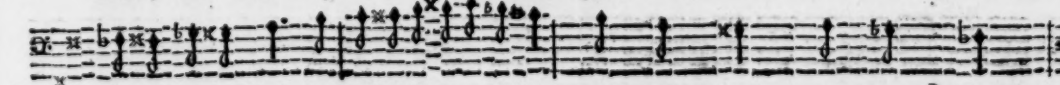
thy Prophets pow'r—ful, pow'r—ful,

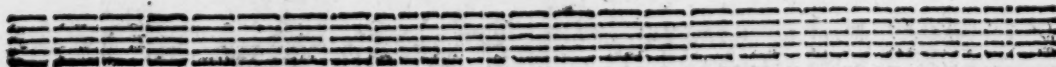
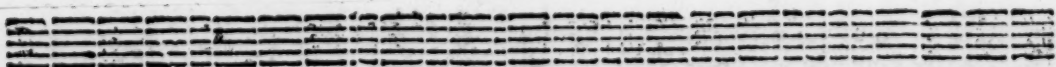
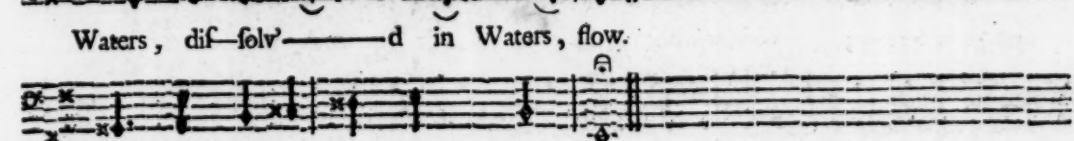
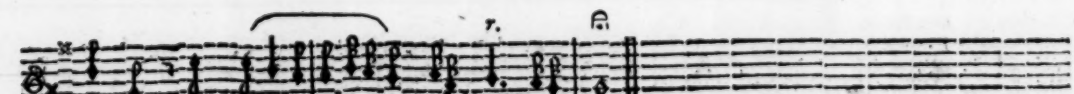
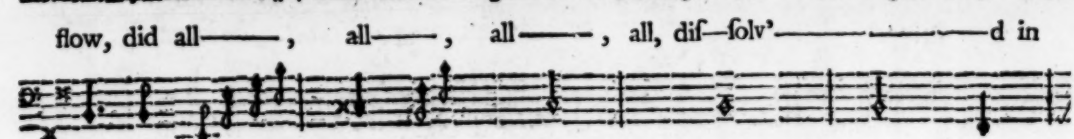
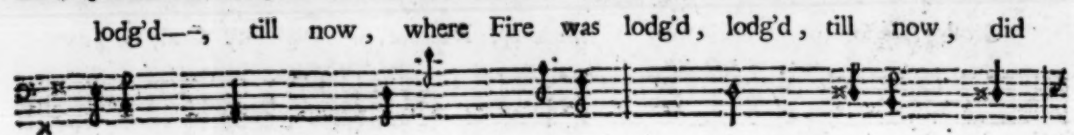
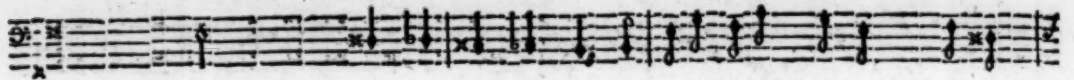


pow'rful Stroke ; the Rock began, be-gan to melt, to melt, the Rock began to



melt, to melt—, the Stone pour—'d its

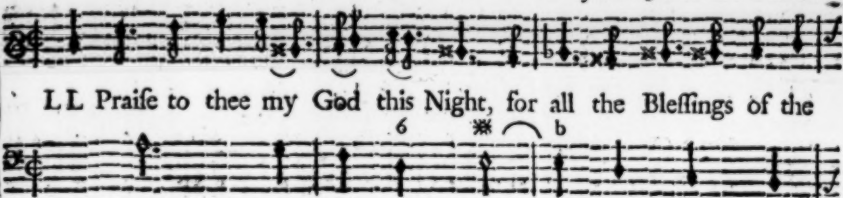




An EVENING HYMN.

The Words by Bishop Ken.

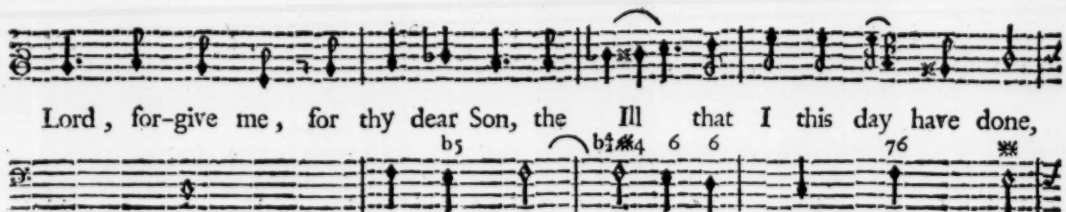
Set by Mr. Jeremiah Clarke.



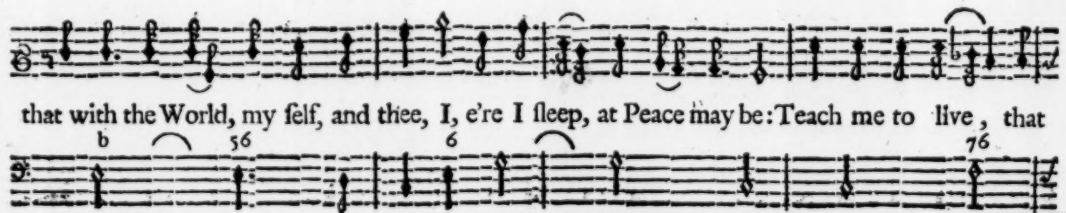
ALL Praise to thee my God this Night, for all the Blessings of the



Light; keep me, Oh keep me, King of Kings, un—der thy own Al-migh—ty Wings: Forgive me,



Lord, for-give me, for thy dear Son, the Ill that I this day have done,



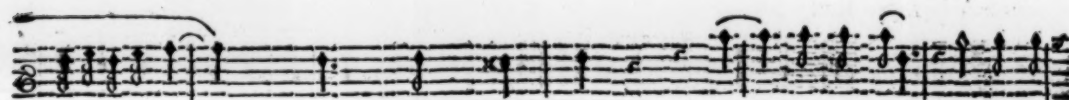
that with the World, my self, and thee, I, e're I sleep, at Peace may be: Teach me to live, that



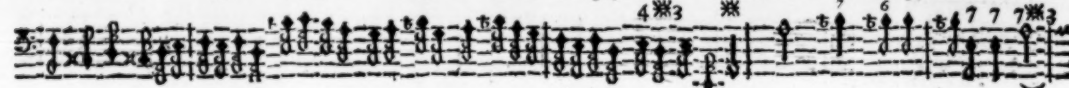
I may dread the Grave as lit-tle as my Bed; teach me to die, teach me to



die, so that I may Triumphant Ri—



— se at the Last Day; teach me to Die, teach me to

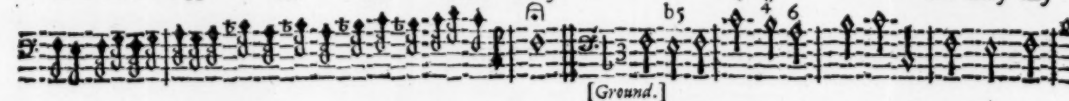


Die, so that I may Triumphant Ri—

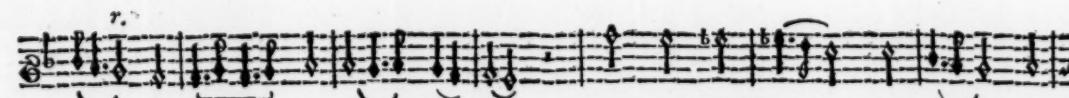


— se at the Last Day.

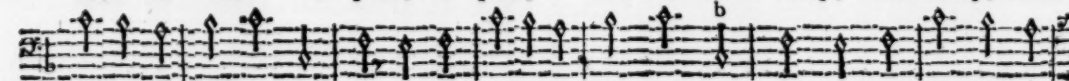
Oh may my



[Ground.]



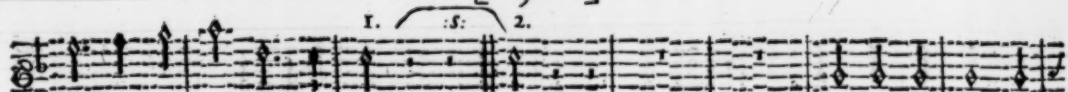
Soul on thee re—pose, re—pose, and with sweet Sleep, sweet Sleep, mine



Eye—lids close;

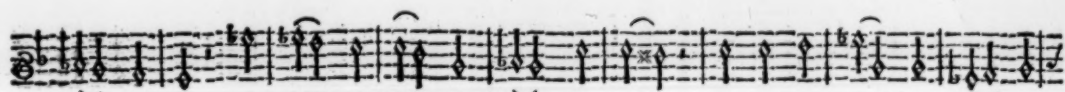
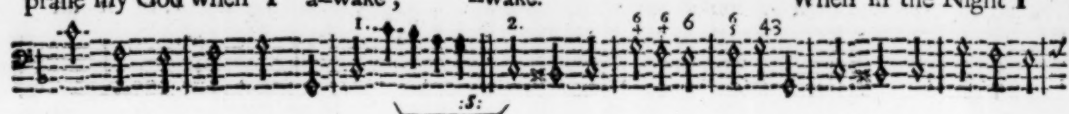
Sleep that may me more vig'rous, more vig'rous make, to



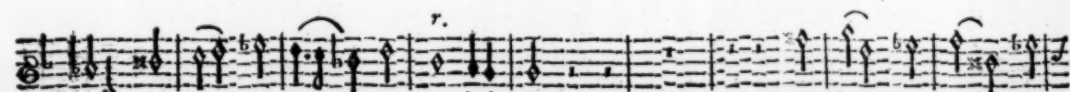
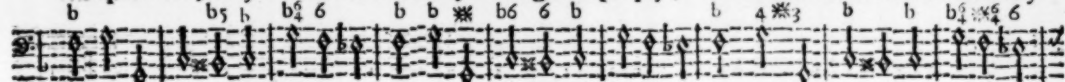


praise my God when I a-wake, -wake.

When in the Night I

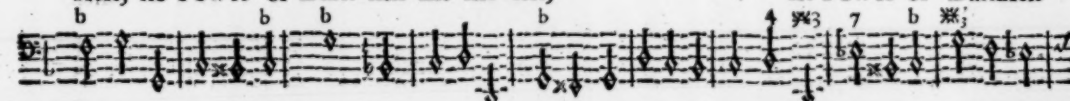


sleepless lie, my Soul with Heav'nly Thoughts sup-ply; let no ill Dreams di-sturb my



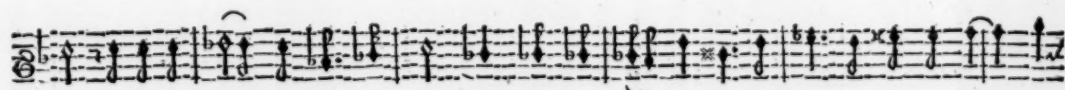
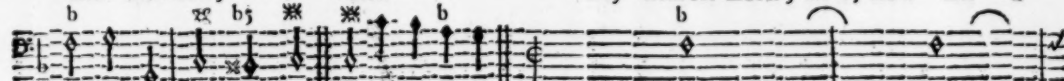
Rest, no Pow'rs of Dark-ness me mo-left,

no Pow'rs of Dark-ness

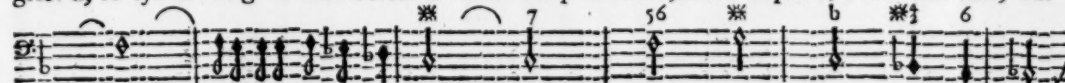


me mo-left, -left.

My dearest Lord, how, how am I

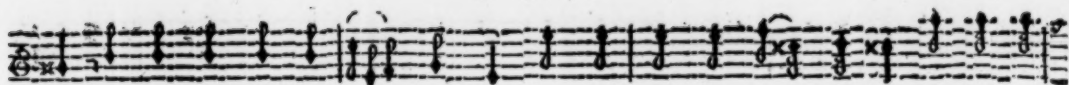


griev'd, to lye so long of thee bereav'd! Dull Sleep of Sence, me to deprive, I am but half, but

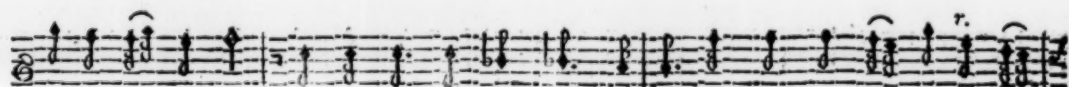
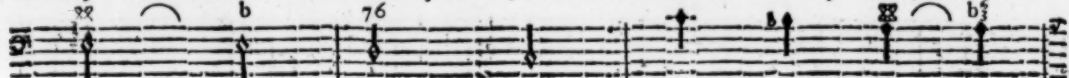


half my Days a-live! But tho' Sleep o'er my Weakness reigns, let it not hold me long in

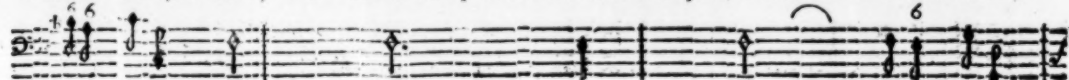




Chains, but now and then let loose my Heart, now and then let loose my Heart, till it an



Hal-le-lu-jah dart; the fast-er Sleep the Sense does bind, the more un-fet-ter'd is the

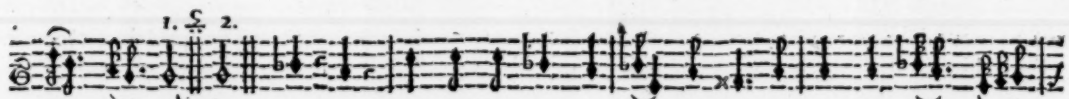


[A little faster.]

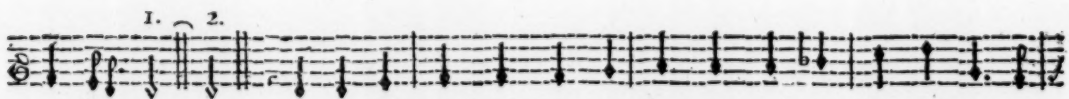


Mind.

Oh may my Soul from Mat-ters free, the unveil'd Goodness



wa-king fee, fee. Oh! Oh! Oh when shall I in end-less Day, for e-ver chase dark

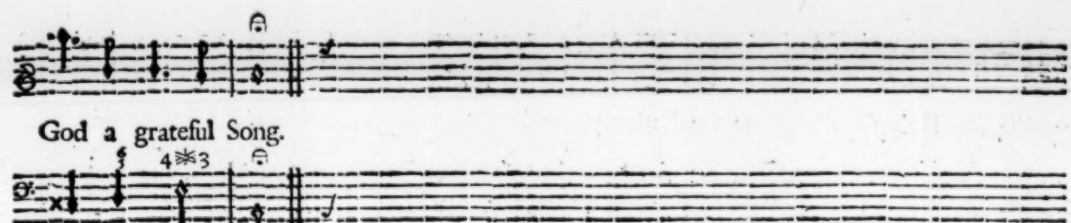


Sleep a-way, -way: And endless Praise with Heav'nly Choir, in-ces-sant sing, and never

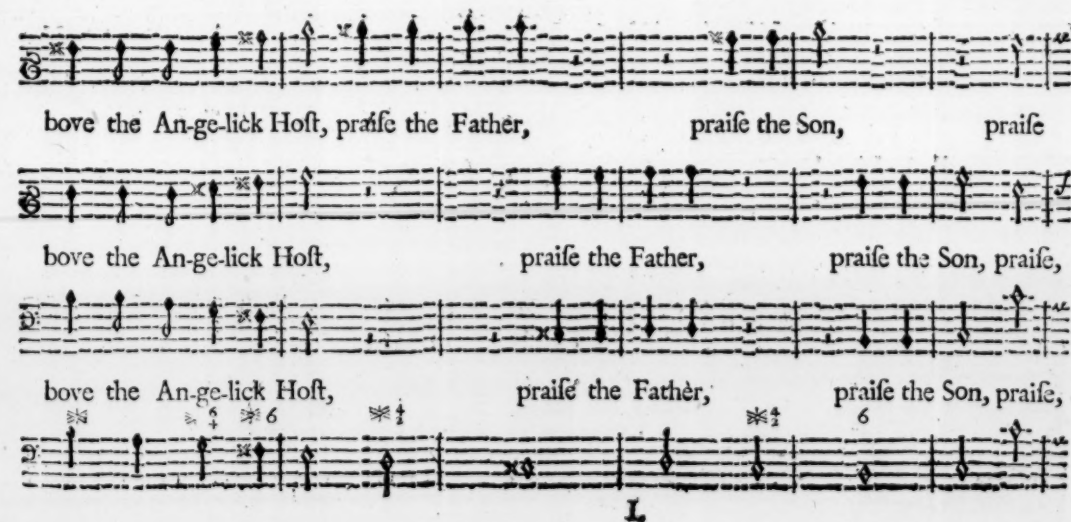
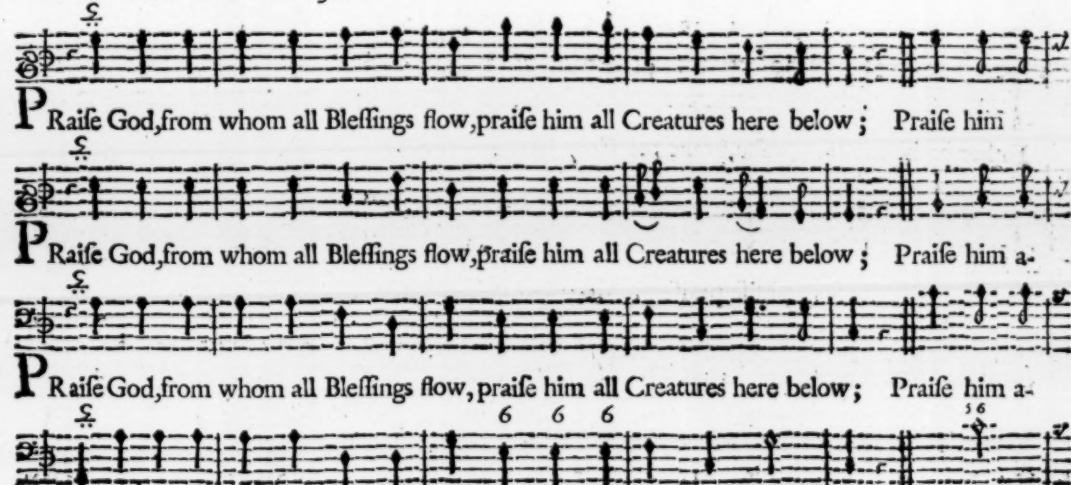


tire; you my best Guardians, whilst I sleep, close to my Bed your Vigils keep, and in my

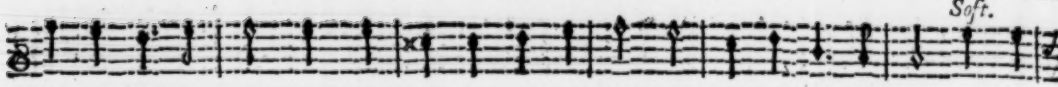




CHORUS. A. 3. Voc.

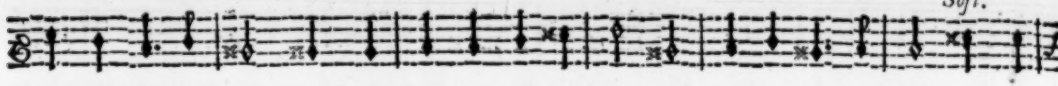


Soft.



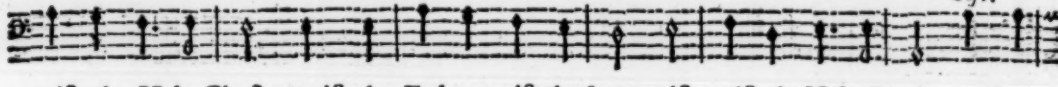
praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost; praise the

Soft.




praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost; praise the

Soft.



praise the Holy Ghost; praise the Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost; praise the

6 6 76 * * 6 * 6 * 5 5 43 *Soft.* *



Loud. 



Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: *Amen.*

Loud. 



Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: *Amen.*

Loud. 




Father, praise the Son, praise, praise the Holy Ghost: *Amen.*

* * 5 5 4 * 3 * *Loud.* 




A DIALOGUE between the SOUL and JESUS.

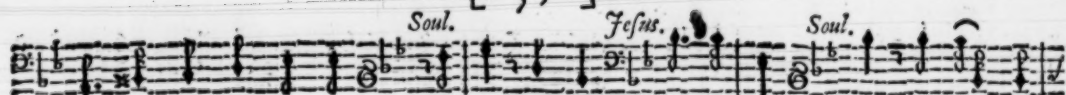
Soul. *Jesus.*



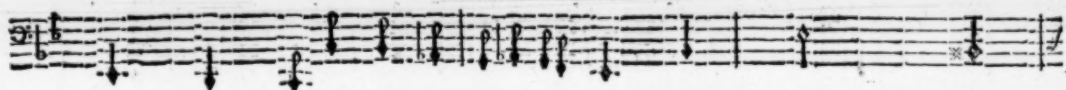
H! Son of David, help! help! What sin-ful Cry im-



[35]



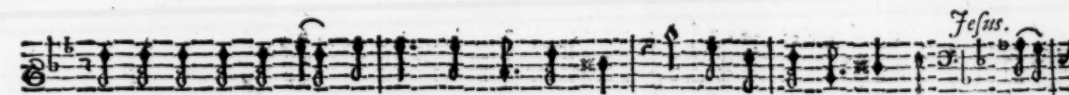
plores the Son of David? 'Tis I, 'Tis I Who art thou? Oh! a deep-ly



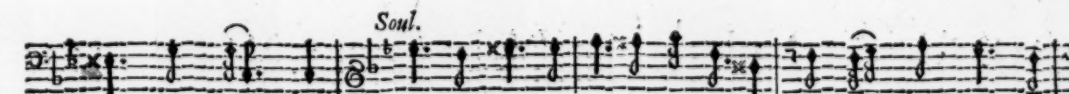
wounded Breast, that's heavy Laden, and would fain have Rest. I have no Scraps, and



Dogs must not be fed, like Household Children with the Children's Bread. True, Lord,



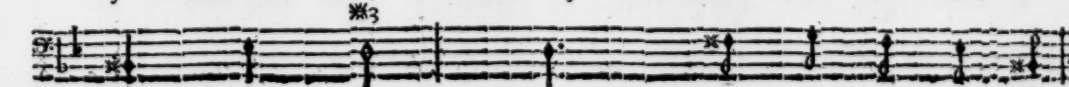
yet to-le-rate a hungry Whelp to lick their Crumbs, O Son of David, help! help! Poor



Soul! what ail'st thou? O! I burn, I fry, I cannot rest, I know not where to



fly to find some ease, I turn'd my blub—ber'd Face from Man to



Man, I roll from place to place t'avoid my Tortures to ob-tain Relief, but still I'm

dogg'd and haunted with my Grief; my Midnight Torments call the Sluggish

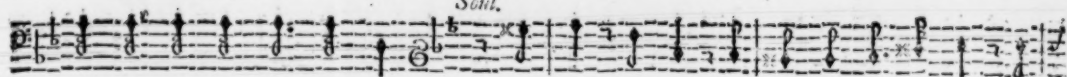
Light, and when the Morning's come, they woo the Night. Surcease thy

Tears, and speak thy free Desires. Quench, quench thy Flames, and 'swage these scorching

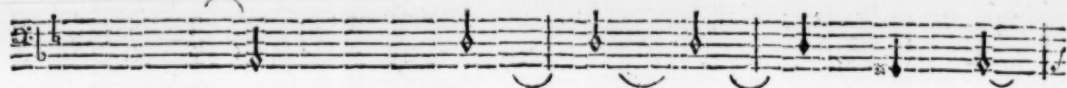
Fires. Canst thou be-lieve my Hand can cure thy Grief? Lord, I be-

lieve. Hold forth thine Arm, and let my Fingers try thy Pulse. Yea, Lord. Where

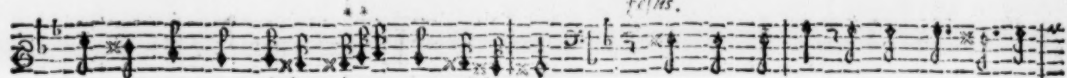
Soul.



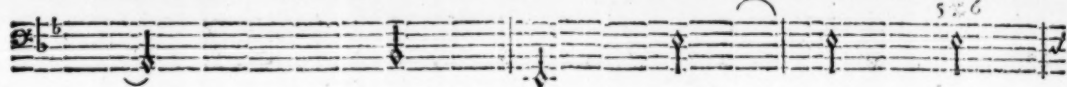
chiefly doth thy Torment lye? From Head to Foot, it reigns in ev'ry part, but



Jesus.



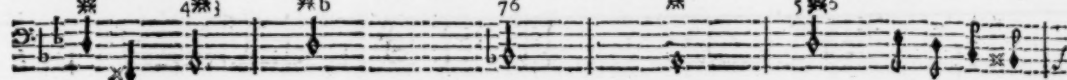
plays the self-law'd Ty—rant in my Heart. Canst thou digest, canst relish wholsom



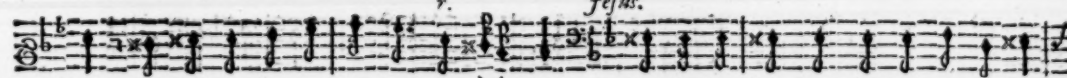
Soul.



Food? How stands thy Taft? To nothing that is good, all sin—ful Traff, and Earth's unfav'ry



Jesus.



Stuff, I can digest and relish well enough. Is not thy Blood as cold as hot by turns?



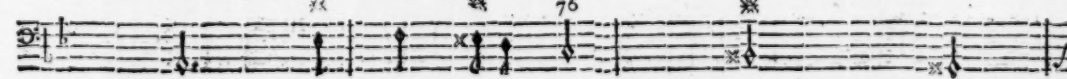
Soul.

Jesus.

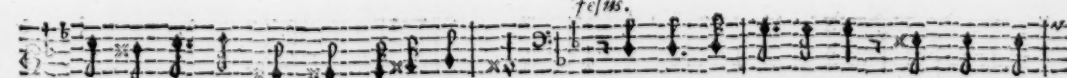
Soul.



Cold to what's good, to what is bad it burns. How old's thy Grief? I

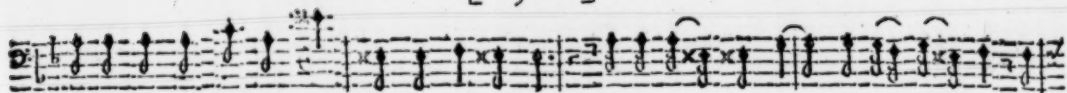


Jesus.

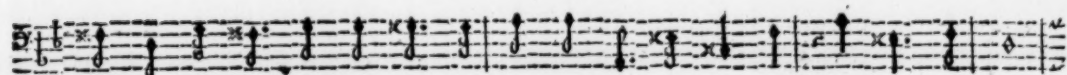
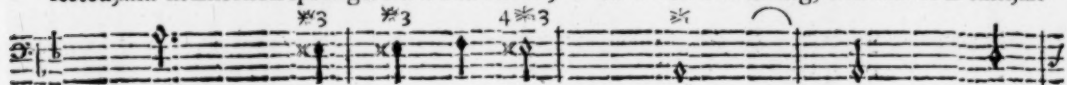


took it at the Fall, with eat-ing Fruit. 'Tis E—pi—de—mi—cal, thy Blood's in-

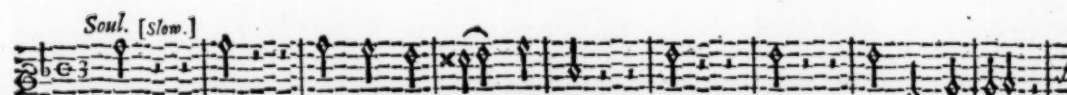
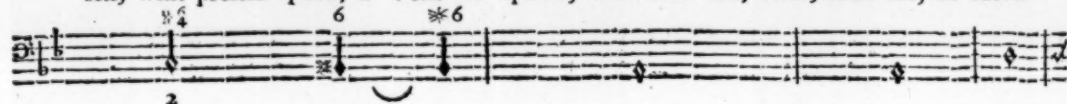




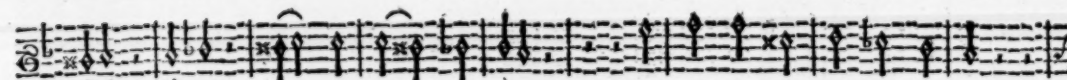
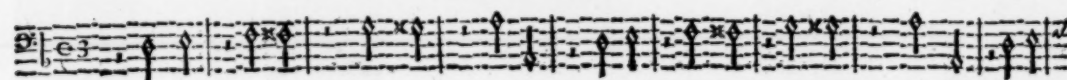
fect, and th' Infection sprung from a bad Liver, 'tis a Feavour strong, and full of Death, un-



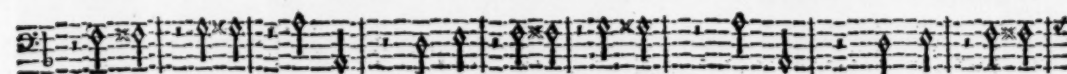
less, with present speed, a Vein be open'd, thou must die, must, must die, or bleed.



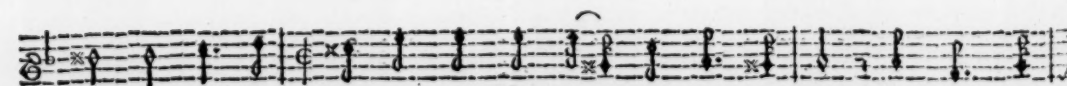
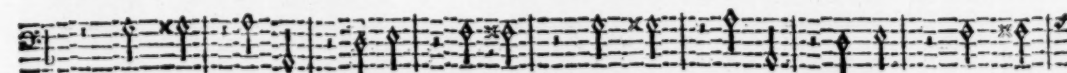
O! O! O! I am faint, and spent; O! O! O! I am faint;



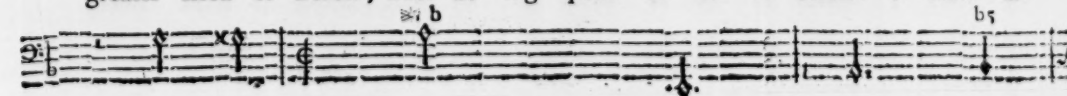
O! O! O! I'm faint and spent; that Lance that shall let forth my Blood,



lets forth my Life withal; my Soul wants Cordials, and has greater, has



greater need of Blood, than be—ing spent so far to bleed: I faint al-



ready, if I bleed I die; I faint al-ready, if I bleed I die. 'Tis

Jesus.

ei-ther thou must bleed, sick Soul, or I; my Blood's a Cordial, he that sucks my

Veins, shall cleanse his own, and conquer, conquer great-er Pains than these:

Chear up, cheer up, this precious Blood of mine shall cure thy Grief, my Heart shall bleed,

shall bleed for thine; be-lieve me, be-lieve me, and view me with a faith-ful

Eye, thy Soul shall neither languish, bleed, nor die. Lord, I believe. Thy

Soul. *Jesus.*

[40]

Soul. *Jesus.* *Soul.*

Soul shall neither languish. Neither languish? Neither languish. Nor

Jesus. *Soul.* *Jesus.*

bleed? Nor bleed. Nor die? Nor die; thy Soul shall nei-ther

Soul.

Neither languish, bleed, nor die.

languish, languish, bleed, nor die.

Mr. Jeremiah Clarke.

*A Paraphrase on the 28th Chapter of the First Book of Samuel,
from Verse 8, to Verse 20.*



—N

—N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—

—N guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—



guil—ty Night, and hid in fal—se dif—guise, forfaken *Saul*,
 —se, and hid in fal—se dif—guise, for—fa—ken *Saul*, forfaken *Saul*,
 —se disguise, and hid in false dif—gui—se, forfaken



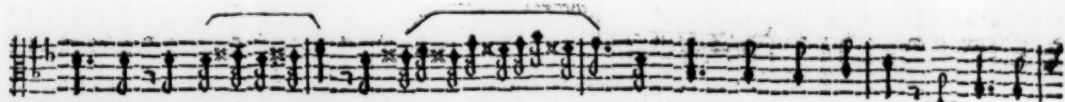
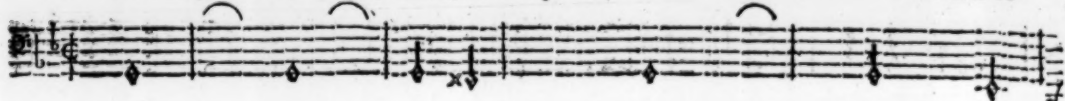
forfaken *Saul*, for—fa—ken *Saul*, forfaken *Saul*, to *En—dor* comes, and cries; forfaken
 forfaken *Sau—l*, forfaken *Saul*, to *En—dor* comes, and cri—
Saul, for—fa—ken *Sau—l*, to *Endor* comes, and cries;



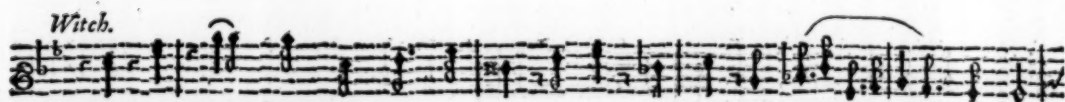
Saul, forfaken *Saul*, forfaken *Saul*, forfaken *Saul* to *En—dor* comes, and cries.
 —es, for—fa—ken *Saul*, forfaken *Saul* to *En—dor* comes, and cries:
 for—fa—ken *Saul*, forfaken *Saul*, forfaken *Saul*, to *Endor* comes, and cries.

Saul.

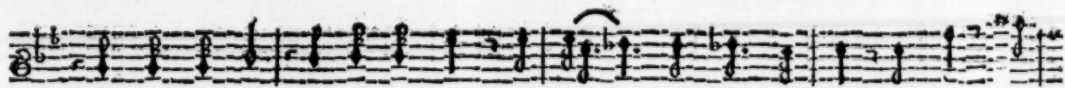
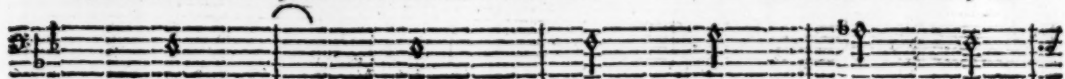
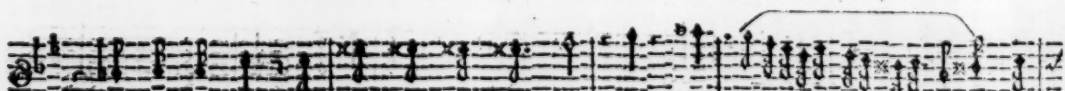
Woman, a-rise, a-rise, call, call pow'r ————— ful Arts to.



gether, and rai—se, and rai————se the Ghost, whom I shall name, up hither.

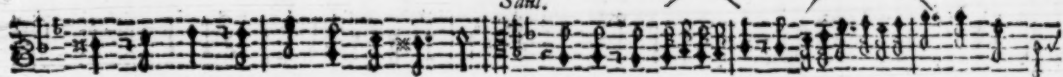
*Witch.*

Why, why, why should'st thou wish me dye? Forbear, forbear, for—bea————r, my Son,

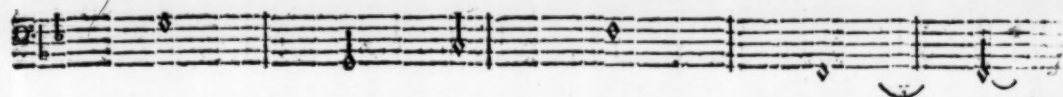
dost thou not know, dost thou not know what cru——el *Saul* has done? Forbear, for.bear, for—bea————r, my Son, dost thou not know what cru——el *Saul* has done?

How he has kill'd, has kill'd and murder'd all, all, all tha————t were

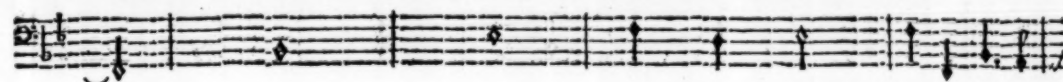


Saul.

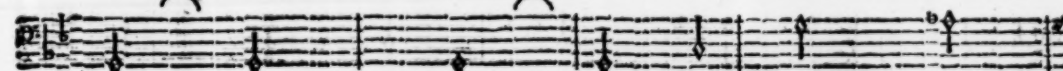
Wife, and could, and could on Spirits call? Woman, be bo—ld, be bo—ld, do but th



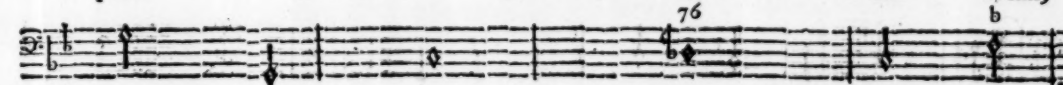
thing I wish, no harm, no, no, no, no, no harm from *Saul* shall come to thee for this.

*Witch.**Saul.*

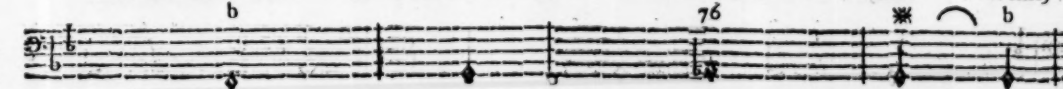
Whom shall I raise, or call? I'll make him hear. Old *Samuel*, let on-ly him ap-



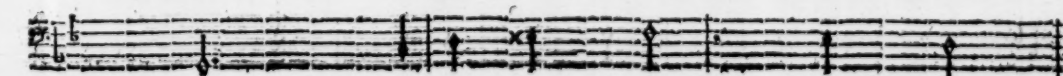
pear. A—las! — A ——— las! What,

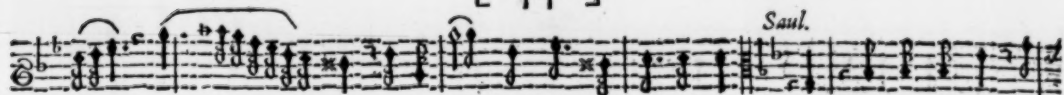


what dost thou fear? A—las! — A ——— las! What,

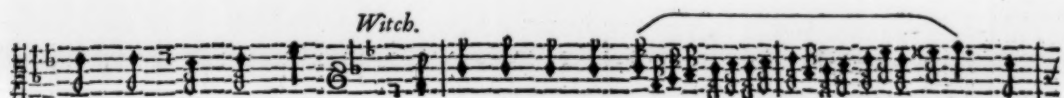


what dost thou fear? Nought else but thee, for thou art *Saul*, for thou art

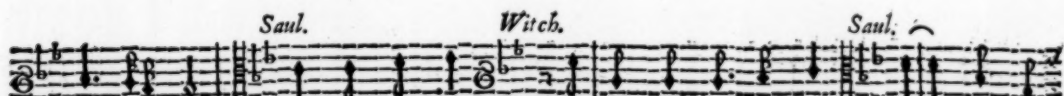




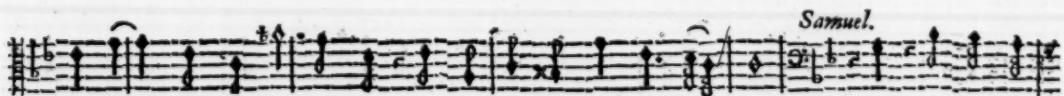
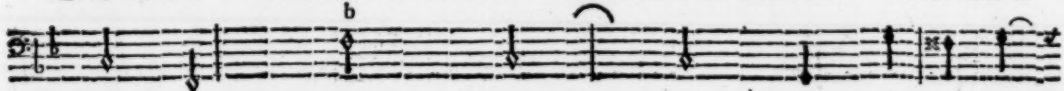
Saul, a ——— las! thou art *Saul*, and hast beguiled me. Peace, peace, and go on, what



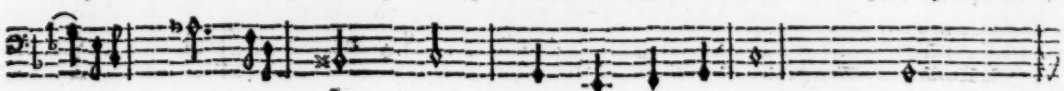
feest thou, let me know? I see the Gods a — scen ——— ding



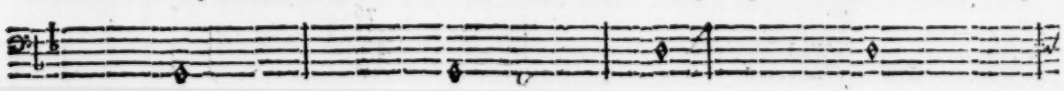
from be-low. Who's he that comes? An old Man manded o'er. Oh! that is



he, Oh! that is he, let me, let me, let me that Ghost a — dore. Why, why hast thou



robb'd me of my Rest, to see, to see that which I hate? Why, why hast thou robb'd me of my



Rest, to see that which I hate, to see that which I hate, this wicked World,



[45]

Saul,

this wicked World, and thee? Oh! — Oh! — I'm fore distress'd, vex—ed

fore, God has left me, Oh! — God has left me, and answers me no more;

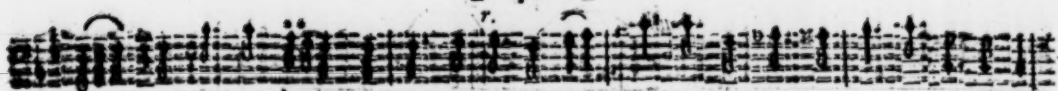
distress'd with War, with inward Ter—rors too, for pi-ty's sake, Oh! for

pi-ty's sake, tell me, Oh! tell me, Oh! for pi-ty's sake, tell me, tell me,

Samuel.

tell me, what shall I do? Art thou for-lorn of God, and com'ft to me? What

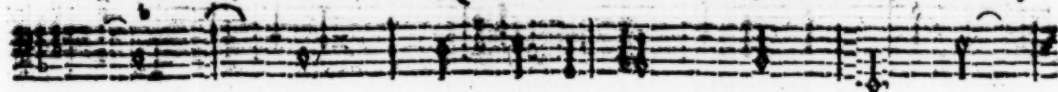
can I tell thee then, but Mi-se-ry? Thy Kingdom's gone in-to thy Neighbours



Race, thine Host shall fall by Sword before thy Face: What can I tell thee then, but Mi-se-ry?



To morrow, to morrow then, (till then farewel, fare—wel, and Breath, thou and thy



Son) to morrow, to morrow, thou and thy Son shall be ————— with me beneath.



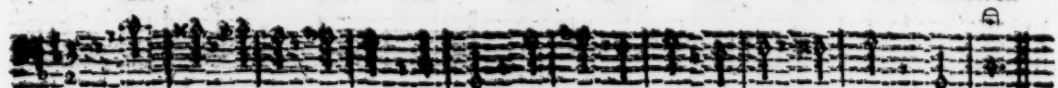
CHORUS.



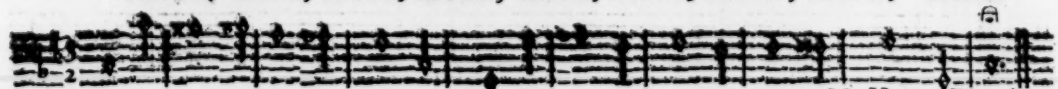
Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.



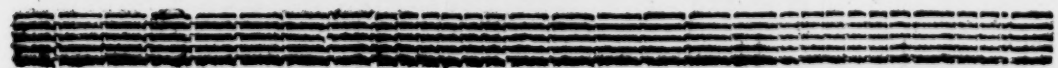
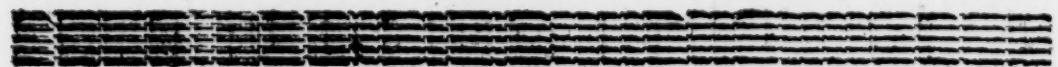
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! farewel.

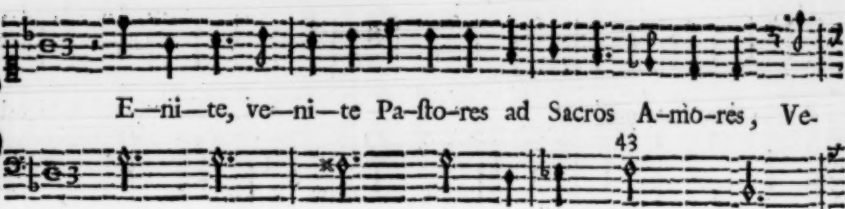


Farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel, farewel.



Mr. Henry Purcell.





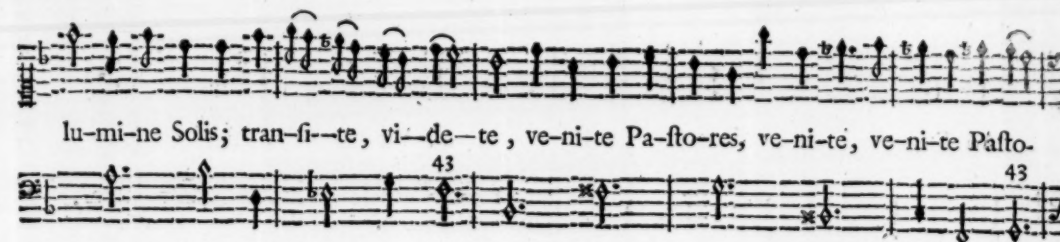
E-ni-te, ve-ni-te Pa-sto-res ad Sacros A-mo-rès, Ve-



ni-te, ve-ni-te Pa-sto-res ad Sacros A-mo-res, tran-si-te, vi-de-te cum Pu-e-ro



Verbum cum Vir-gi-ne natum in pa-le-â, numen in no-cte la-tentem cum

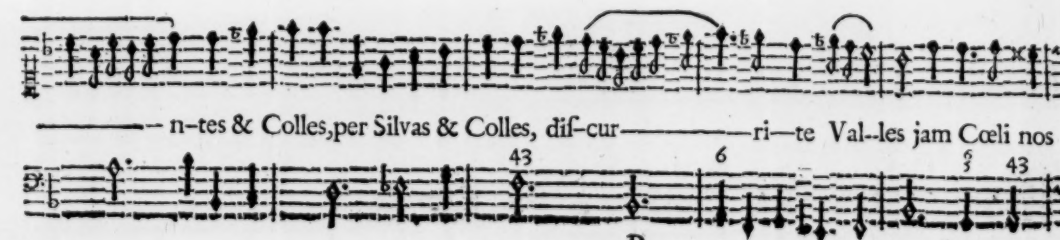


lu-mi-ne Solis; tran-si-te, vi-de-te, ve-ni-te Pa-sto-res, ve-ni-te, ve-ni-te Pa-sto-

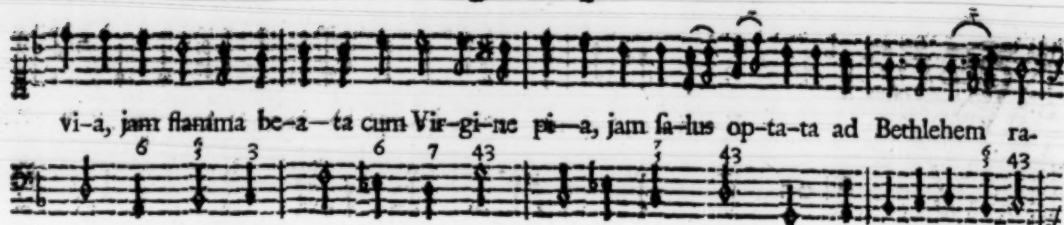


res, ve-ni-te, ve-ni-te Pa-sto-res:

I-te greges ad Paf-cu-a per mo-



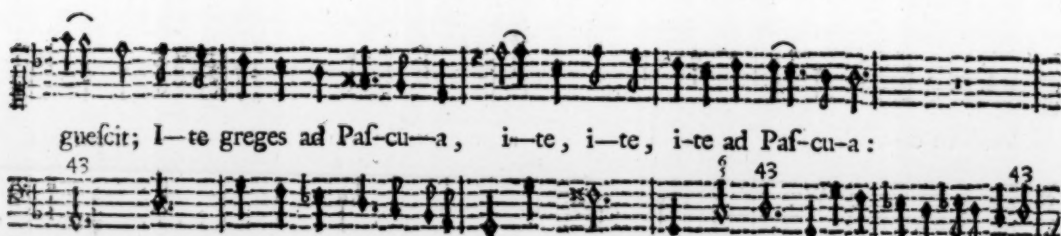
n-tes & Colles, per Silvas & Colles, dif-cur-ri-te Val-les jam Cœli nos



vi-a, jam flamma be-a-ta cum Vir-gi-ne pi-a, jam sa-lus op-ta-ta ad Bethlehem ra-

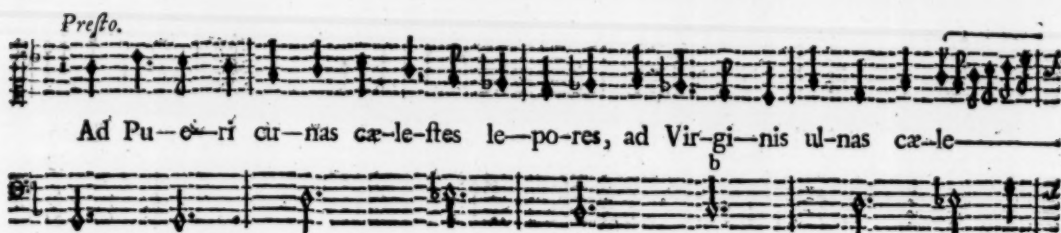


pit, Flos u-bi Flos campi & Li-li-um con-val-li-um in fa-no vi-ces-cit, in spinâ lan-

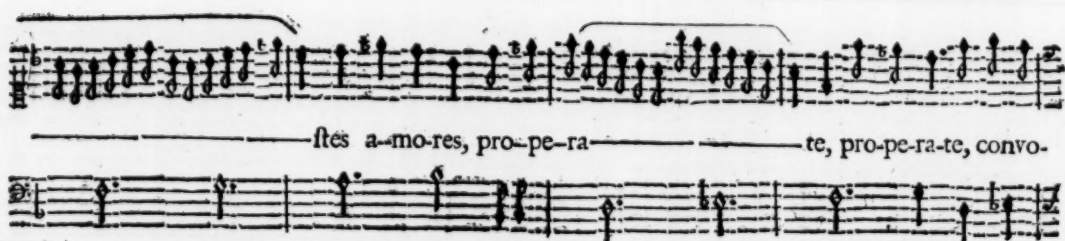


guescit; I-te greges ad Paf-cu-a, i-te, i-te, i-te ad Paf-cu-a:

Presto.



Ad Pu-erî cir-nas cæ-le-stes le-po-res, ad Vir-gi-nis ul-nas cæ-le-



stes a-mo-res, pro-pe-ra-te, pro-pe-ra-te, convo-



la-te. Con-cin-ni-te Ar-do-res, con-cin-ni-te



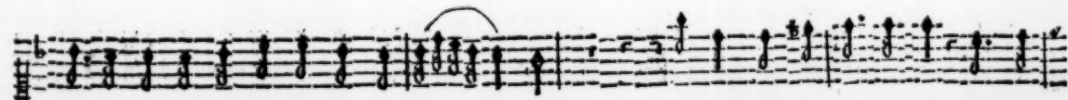
rores, quibus ardet, quibus alget, de-le-ca-tu-lus te-nel-lus fo-le Pulchrior Pu-



el-lus; quibus ardet, quibus al-get, de-le-ca-tu-lus Pu-el-lus, fo-le



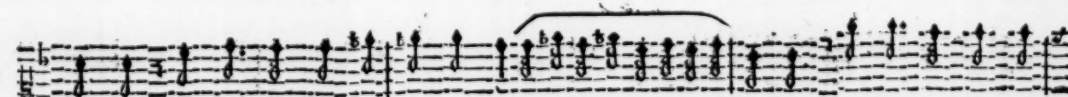
Pulchrior, fo-le Pulchrior Pu-el-lus. Tu tamen in-te-re-a blande



Pu-er Cœ-li de-cus, humidulos te-nel-lus claude Pu-pu-le o-cel-lus; blande Puer Cœli



de-cus, hu-mi-du-los, te-nel-lus clau-de, hu-mi-du-los te-



nel-lus claude Pu-pu-le o-cel-lus. En fe-re-nat Sol vā-



porem, ec-ce Flores terra dat ; ponit E-o-lus fu-ro-rem, Ze-phy-rus-que le-ne

flat, Tu quoque Lachrymulas blande pu-er, ca-ti, de-cus ter-ge genas, & suf-

pi-ri-a linque, pu-er mitte, procul, somnus adest, Luctus abest, claude pu-pu-le o-

cellos. Jam Vir-go fœ-li-ce gau—dens a-spe-ctu, jam

sonor a-mi-co mul—cet am-plex-u, Dor-mit a—mor

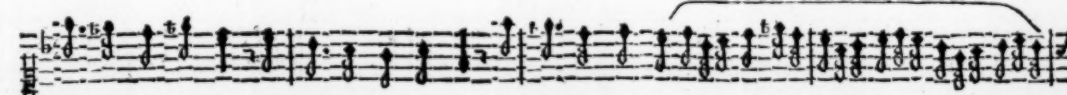
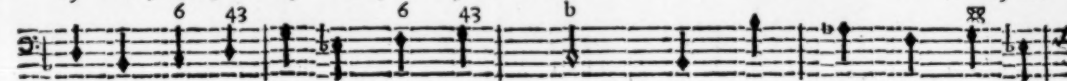
Cœli, dor—mit, dormit a—mor Cœli, dor—mit, dor—mit.



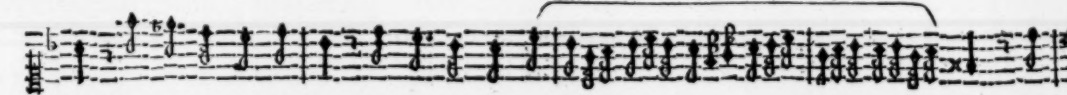
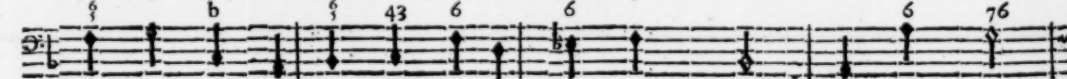
Noe, no-e, no-e, no-e, no ————— e, noe, noe, no-



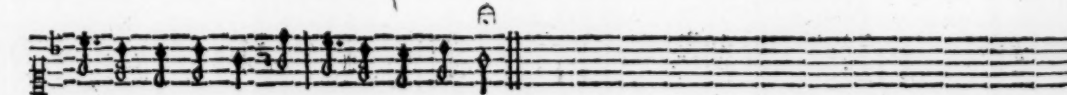
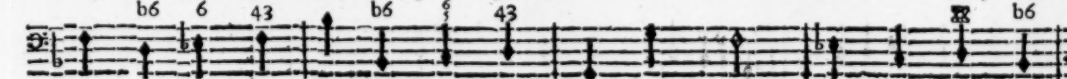
e, noe, noe, no-e, noe, noe, no ————— e, no-



e, noe, noe, no-e, noe, no-e, no-e, noe, no —————

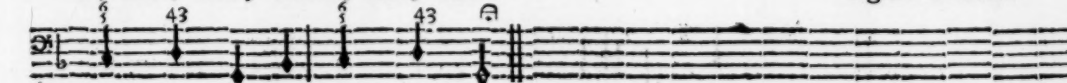


e, no-e, noe, no-e, noe, noe, no ————— e, no-



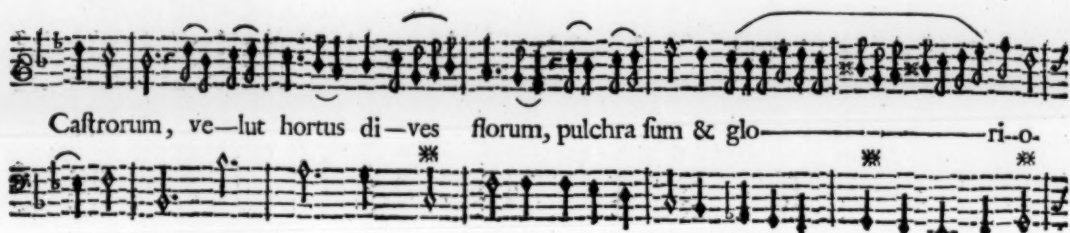
e, noe, noe, no-e, noe, noe.

Signior Gratiani.

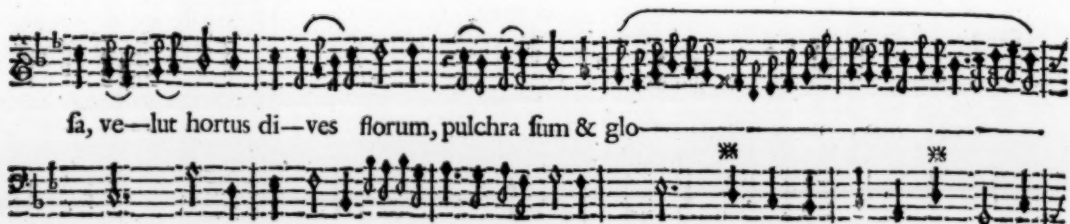




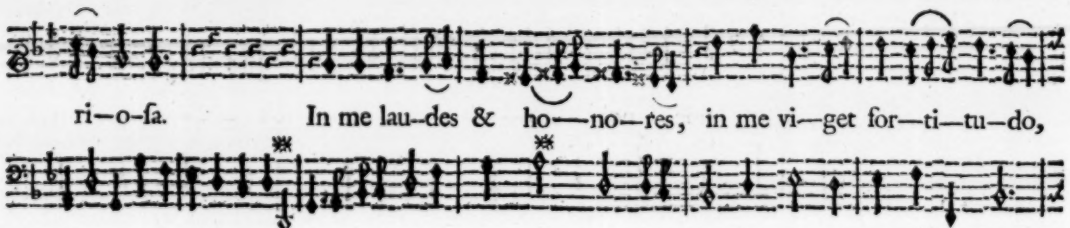
E-lut Palma, ve-lut Ro-fa, ve-lut a — ci-es



Castro-rum, ve-lut hortus di-ves florum, pulchra sum & glo — ri-o.



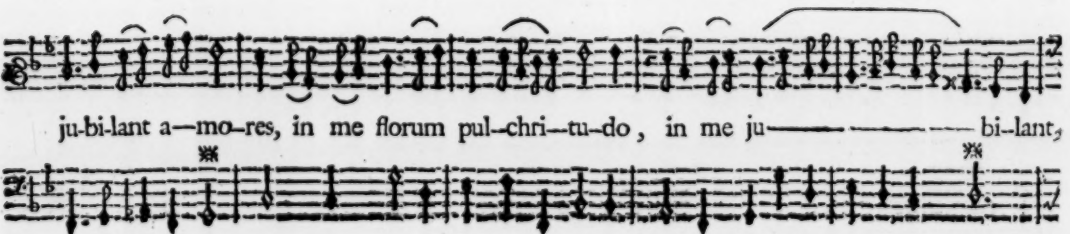
fa, ve-lut hortus di-ves florum, pulchra sum & glo —



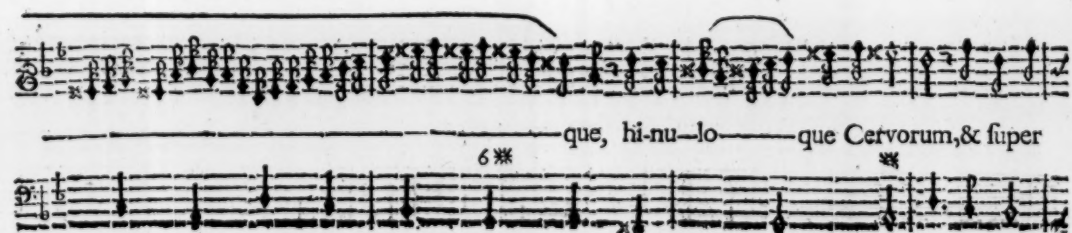
ri-o-fa. In me lau-des & ho-no-res, in me vi-get for-ti-tu-do,



in me flo — ret pul-chri-tu-do, in me ju — bi-lant,



ju-bi-lant a-mo-res, in me florum pul-chri-tu-do, in me ju — bi-lant,



pennas Ventorum, am-bu-la, gra-de-re, pro-pe-ra, vo


li-ta di-le-cte mi, Vo

li-ta di-le-cte mi;

In palmam af-cen-de mi chare di-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, in hortum de-

scen-de mi chare di-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, ex multis e-le-cte, in

hor-tum, in hortum de-scen-de; Hic tu ju-bi-la-bis, hic

 The Notes with this Mark * over them are to be sung Demisemiquavers.

flo-re fru-e-ris, hic fructu ves-ce-ris, hic tu Tri-um-pha-bis, hic flo-re fru-

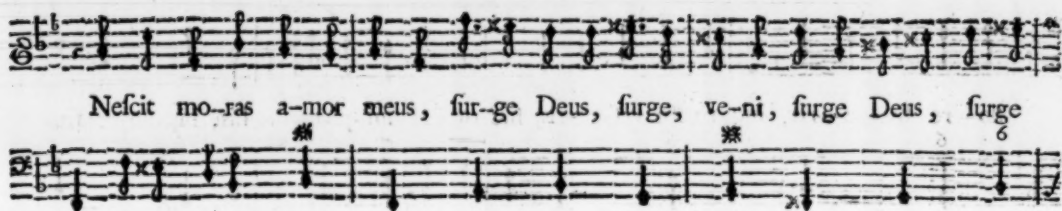
eris, hic fructu vesceris, hic fructu ves-ce-ris, hic tu Tri-um-pha

bis.

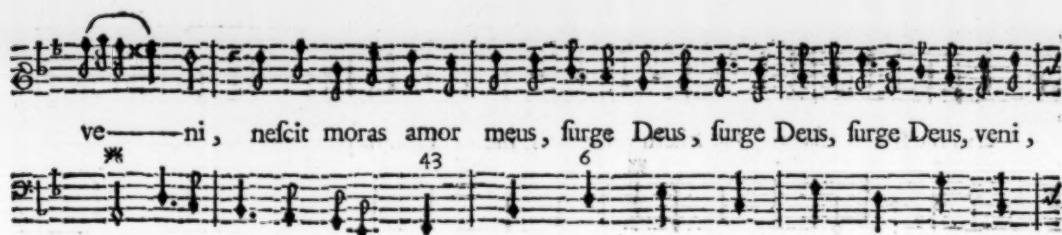
Oh! Oh quam-di-u te op-ta-vi, quam-di-u de-si-de-ra-vi, quamdiu te op-

tavi, quamdiu, quamdiu te ex-pe-cta-vi; nova & vetera ti-bi servavi, nova &

ve-te-ra ti-bi ser-va-vi; quamdiu te op-ta-vi, quam-di-u de-si-de-ra-vi:



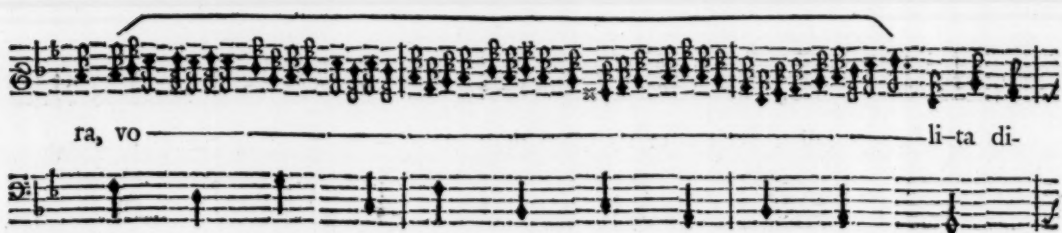
Nescit mo-ras a-mor meus, fur-ge Deus, furge, ve-ni, furge Deus, furge



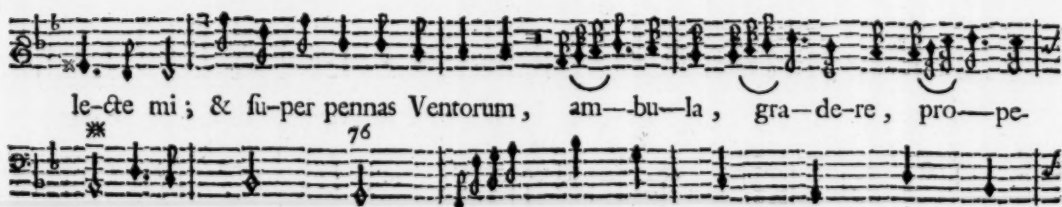
ve—ni, nescit moras amor meus, furge Deus, furge Deus, furge Deus, veni,



ve—ni. Et super pennas ventorum, am—bu-la, gra-de-re, pro—pe-



ra, vo ————— li-ta di-



le-cte mi; & su-per pennas Ventorum, am—bu-la, gra-de-re, pro—pe-



ra, vo ————— li-ta di-le-cte mi, vo —

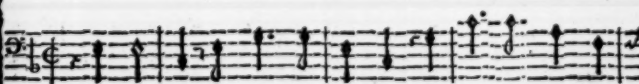
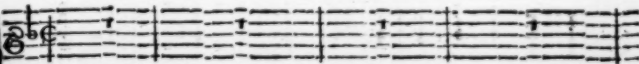
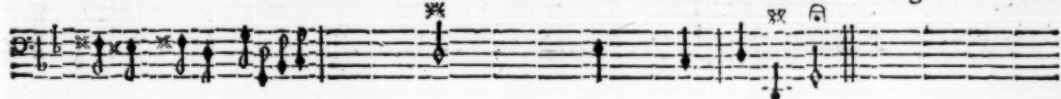


li-ta di-le-cte mi, vo—

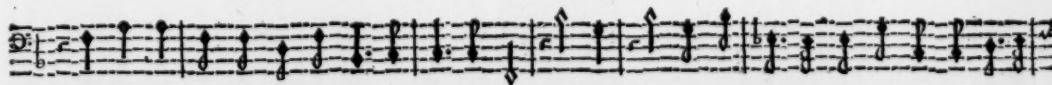
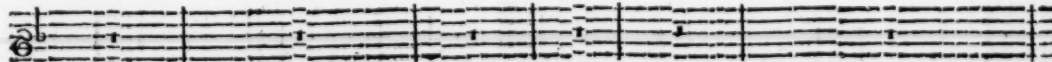


li-ta di-le-cte mi.

Signior Gratiani.

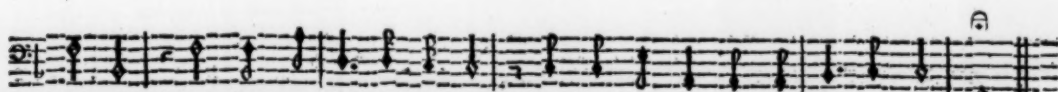
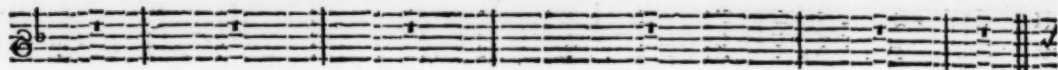
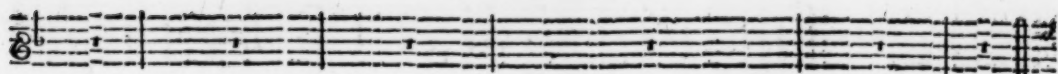


U-di-te, Au-di-te Sancti, Au-di-te Ju-ſti,

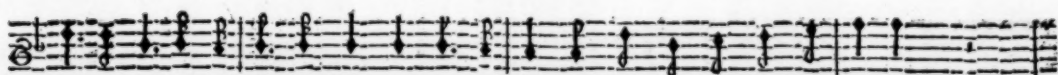
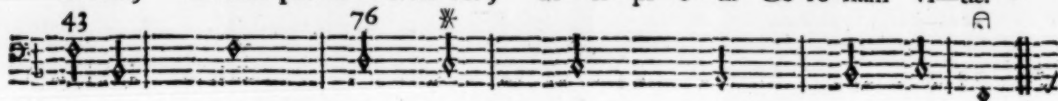


Au-di-te for-te ſe-le-cto-rum A-ni-mæ, Ecce vos tradet Dominus in manus impi-

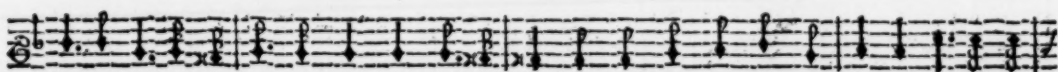




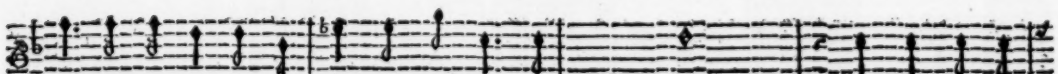
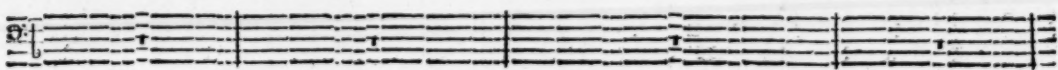
o-rum, ut cum pro-ta-ve-rit vos, ac-ci-pi-e-tis Co-ro-nam vi-tæ. •



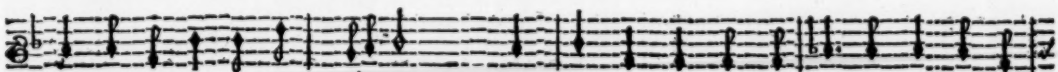
Si tra-di-de-rit Do-mi-nus nos fervos fu-os in ma-nus im-pi-o-rum,



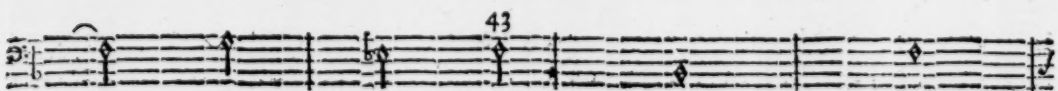
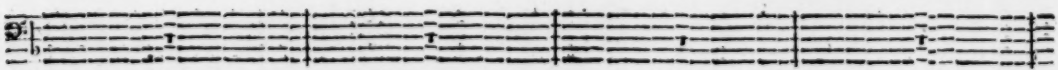
Si tra-di-de-rit Do-mi-nus nos fervos fu-os in ma-nus im-pi-o-rum, stabimus

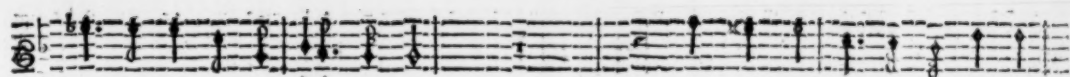


sta-bi-mus omnes in magna Con-stanti—ti—â, ad-ver-sus an-



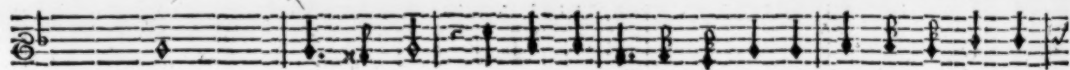
omnes in magna Con—stan—ti—â, ad-ver-sus an-gu-sti-as per-se-



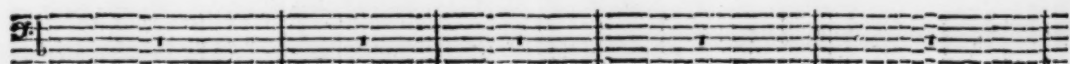


gu-fli-as per-se-quen-ti-um,

Quis e-nim nos se-pa-ra-bit,

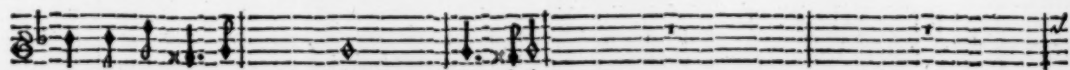


quen-ti-um, Quis e-nim nos se-pa-ra-bit, nos se-pa-ra-bit,



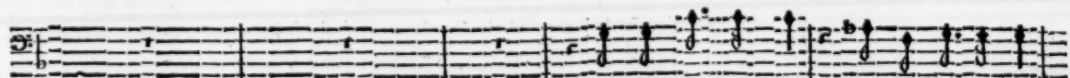
a Cha-ri-ta-te Chri-sti?

Non,



a Cha-ri-ta-te

Chri-sti?

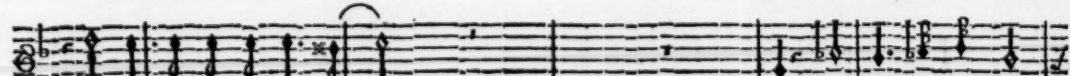


Tri-bu-la-ti-o, an pe-ri-cu-lum,



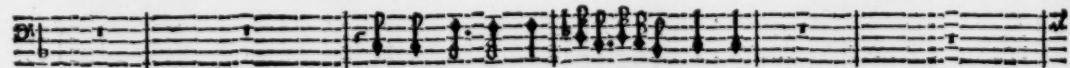
non, non se-pa-ra-bit,

Non, non, non se-pa-ra-bit-

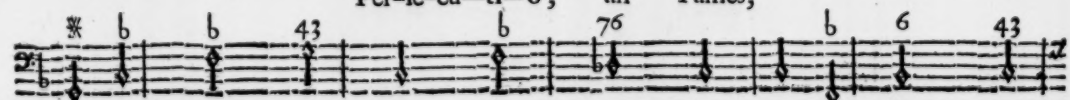


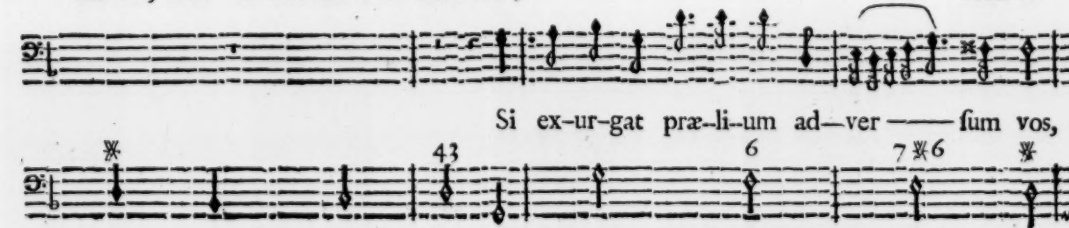
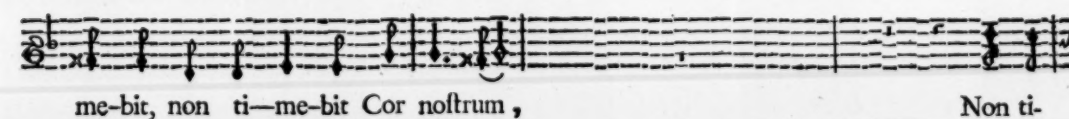
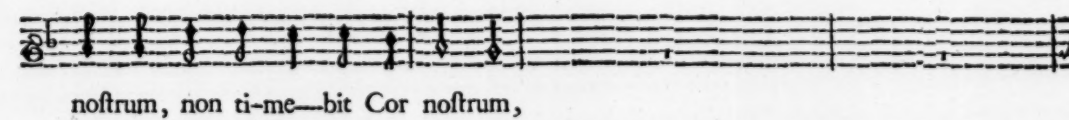
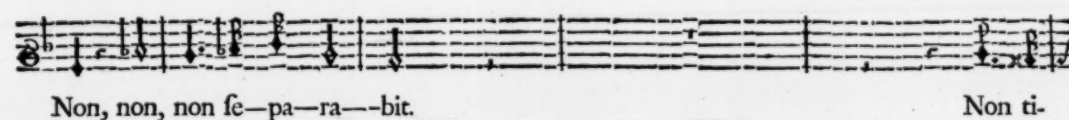
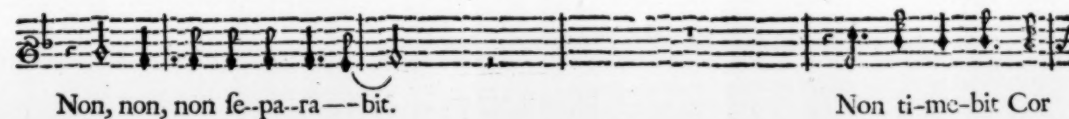
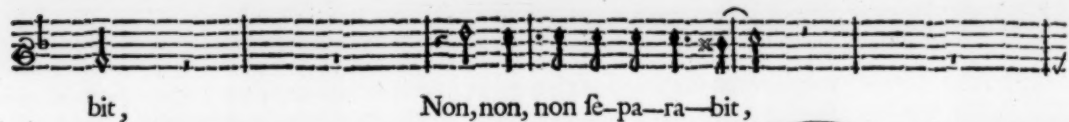
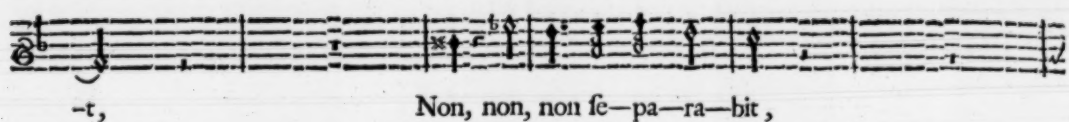
Non, non, non, se-pa-ra-bit,

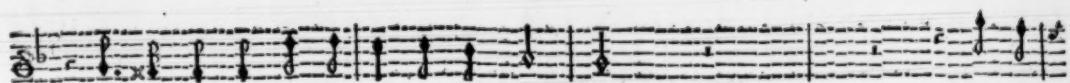
Non, non, non se-pa-ra-



Per-se-cu-ti-o, an Fames,

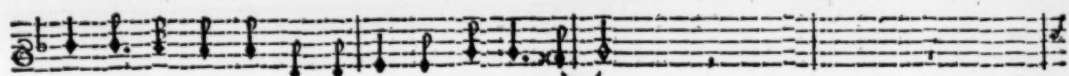




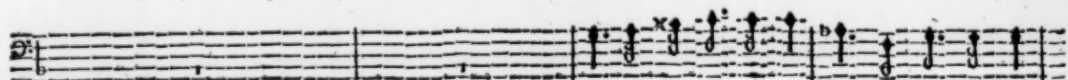


Non ti-me-bit, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum,

Non ti-



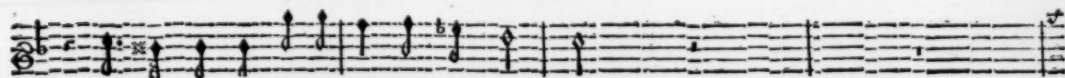
mebit Cor nostrum, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum,



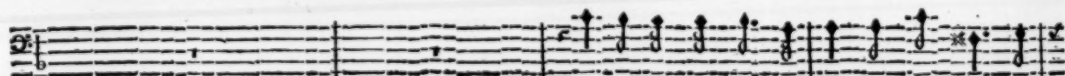
Si ma-le dix-e-rint vo-bis ho-mi-nes,



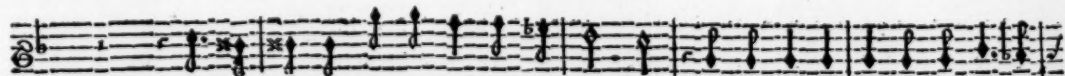
mebit Cor nostrum, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum,



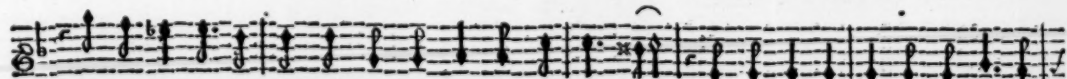
Non ti-me-bit, non ti-me-bit Cor no-strum,



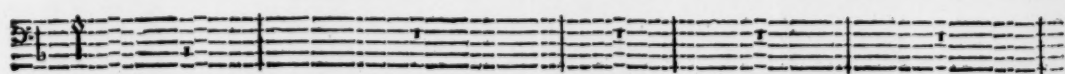
Si Principes per-fe-cu-ti vos fu-e-



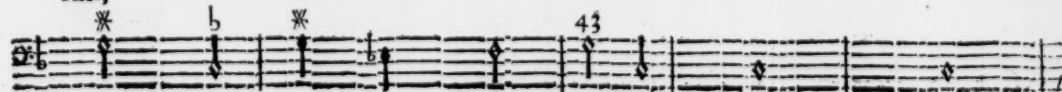
Non ti-me-bit, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum: Scimus enim quod Pas-si-o-nes

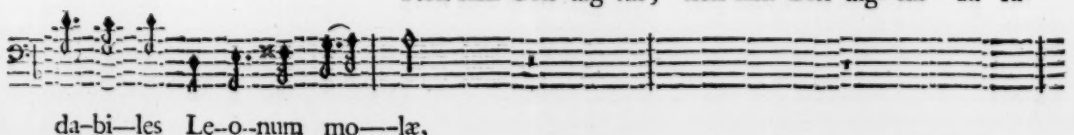
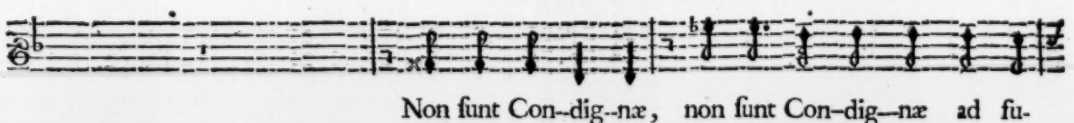
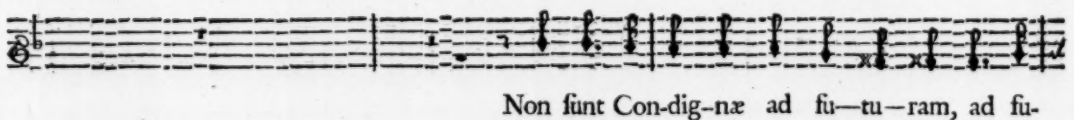
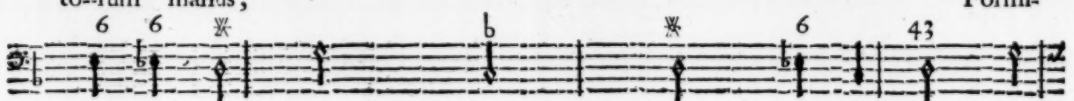
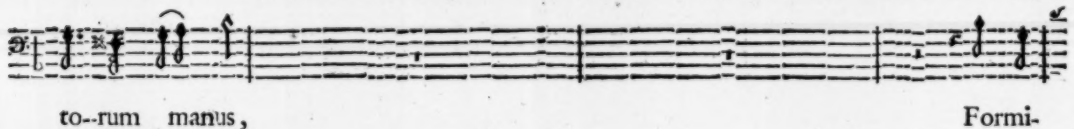
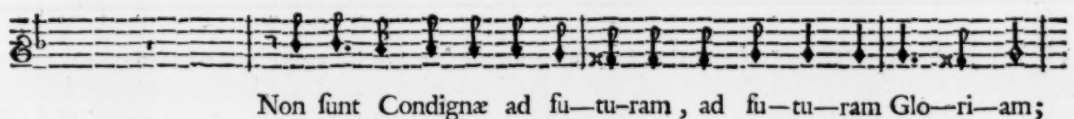
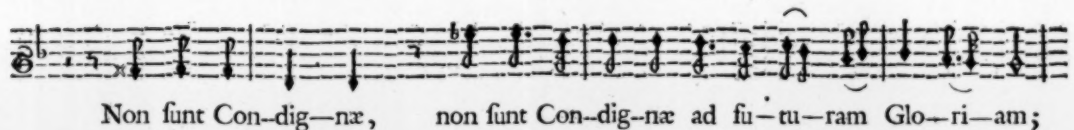
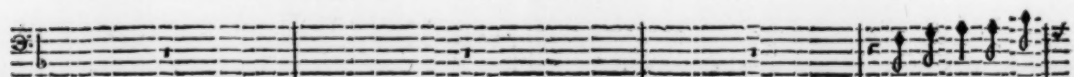
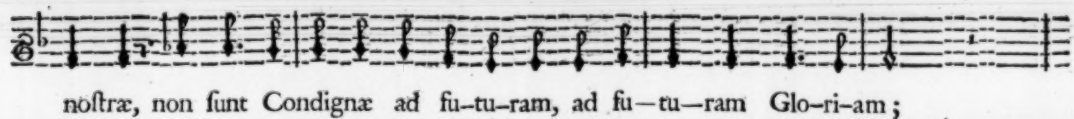
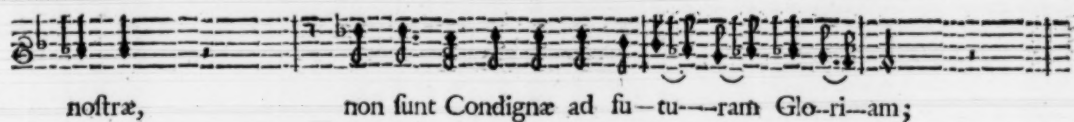


Non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum, non ti-me-bit Cor nostrum: Scimus enim quod Pas-si-o-nes



rint,





turam Glo-ri-am; Non, non sunt Condignæ,
 turam Glo-ri-am; Non, non sunt Condignæ, Non,
 La-ni-en-tes un-gu-læ, Ig-ne ca-den-tes la-mi-næ,

Non, non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-
 non sunt Con-dig-næ; non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-
 6 b 76 43

am; Sci-mus e-nim quod Pas-si-o-nes no-stræ, non sunt Con-dig-næ,
 am; Sci-mus e-nim quod Pas-si-o-nes no-stræ, non sunt Con-
 7 b b b

non sunt Con-dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ;

dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ;

Non sunt Condignæ ad fu-
43 6

Non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ; non sunt Con-

Non sunt Condignæ ad futuram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ;

tu-ram Glo-ri-am ; non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am ; non sunt Con-

7 6 6 43 6

dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am. Signior Giacomo Carissime.

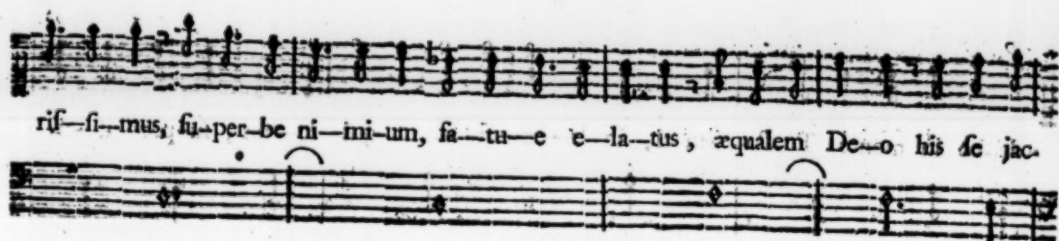
non sunt Condignæ ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am.

dig-næ ad fu-tu-ram, ad fu-tu-ram Glo-ri-am.

6 6 6 43



U-ci-fer, Cae-le-stis o-lim Hierarchiz Princeps prae-cla-



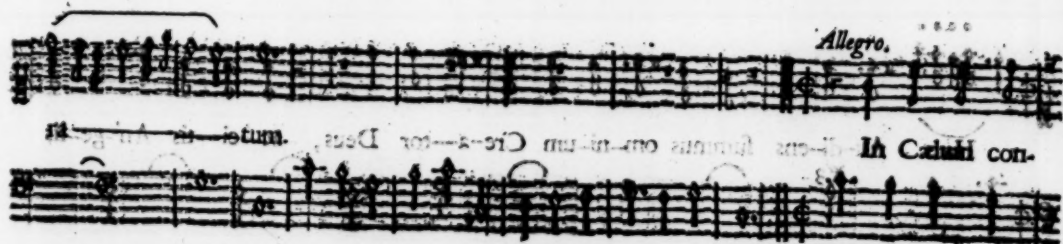
ri-fi-mus, su-per-be ni-mi-um, fa-tu-e e-la-tus, aequalem De-o his se jac-



ta-bat vo-ci-bus O me se-



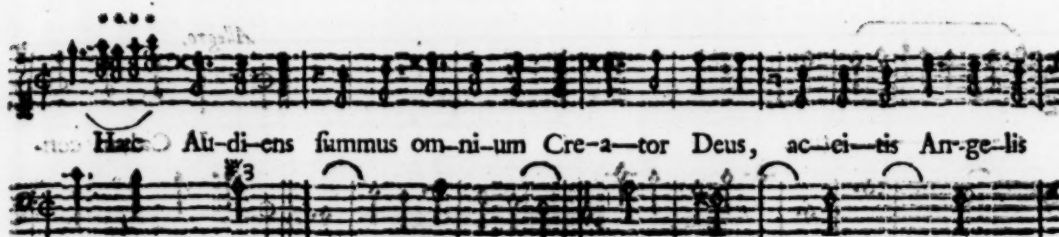
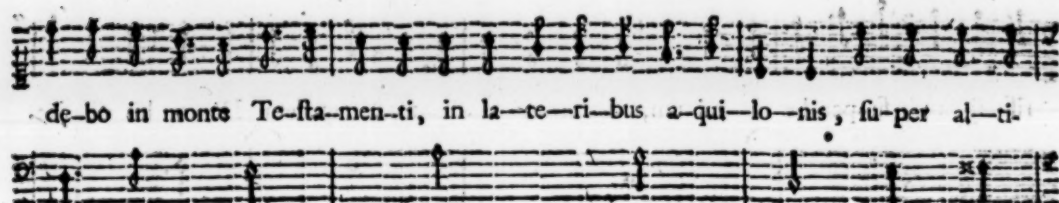
li-cem, O me be-a-tum, Cae-le-sti Glo-ri-a de-co-

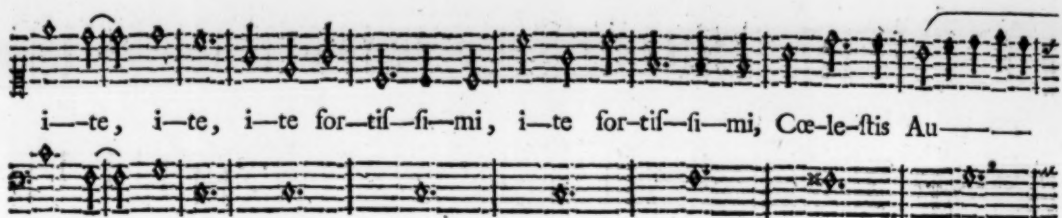


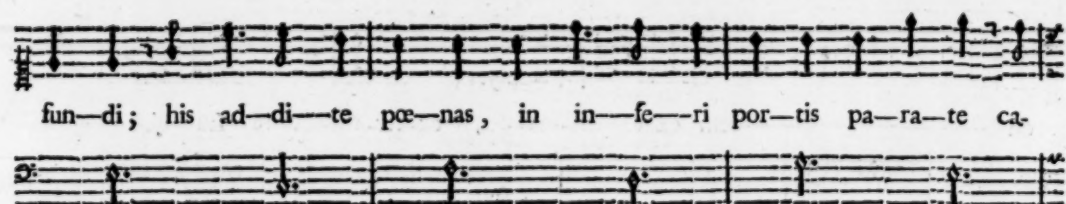
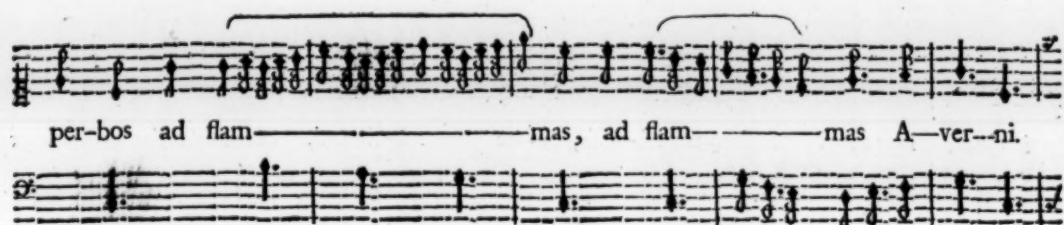
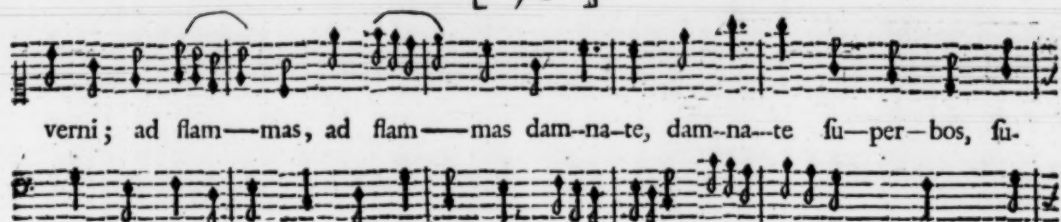
ra-mi-stum. In Caeli con-



scendam, & su-per As-tra De-i ex-al-ta-







An Hymn upon the Last Day. [71]

Words by Nat. Tate Esq;

Set by Mr. Henry Purcell.



Wake, a-wake, a—wake ye

Wake, awake, awake ye Dead, the Trum—

Dead, the Trum—pet calls, the Trum—

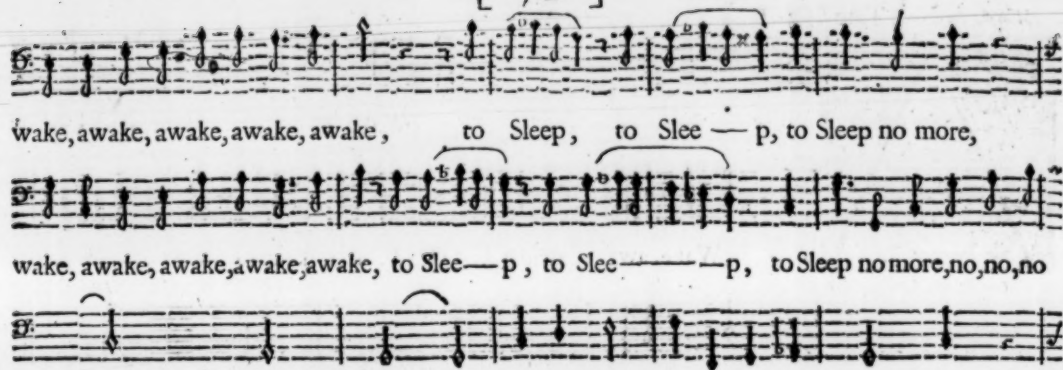
pet calls; Awake, a-wake, a—wake ye

pet calls; A-wake, a-wake, a—wake ye Dead, the Trum—

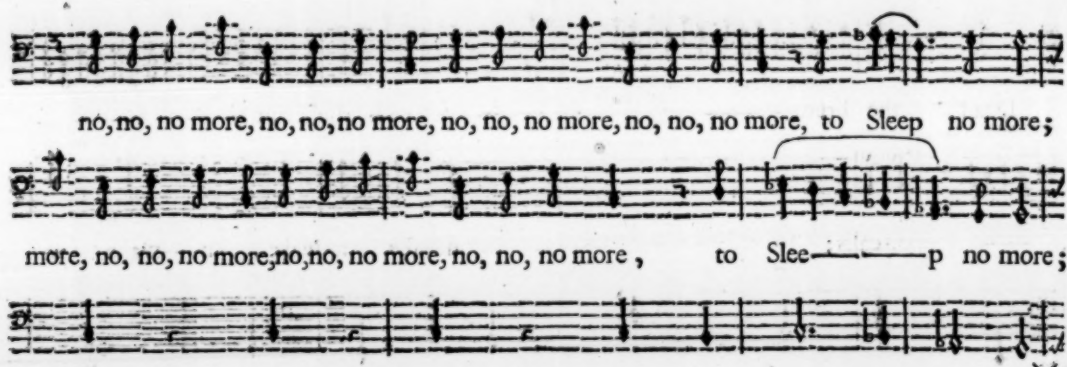
Dead, the Trum—pet calls, the Trum—pet calls,

pet calls; Awake, a-wake, a—

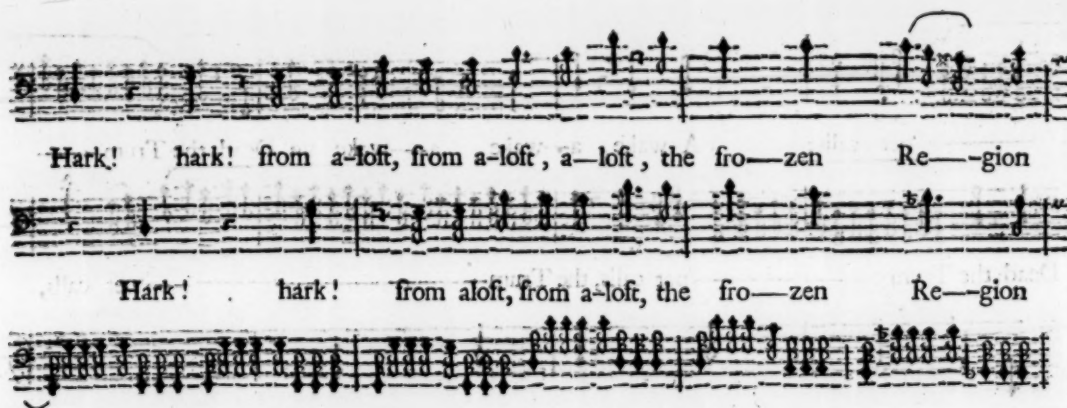
the Trum—pet calls; Awake, a—



wake, awake, awake, awake, awake, to Sleep, to Slee — p, to Sleep no more,
 wake, awake, awake, awake, awake, to Slee — p, to Slee — — p, to Sleep no more, no, no, no



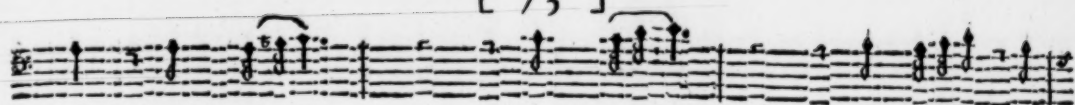
no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Sleep no more;
 more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, no, no, no more, to Slee — — p no more;



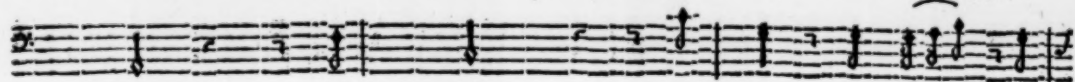
Hark! hark! from a-loft, from a-loft, a-loft, the fro—zen Re—gion
 Hark! hark! from aloft, from a-loft, the fro—zen Re—gion



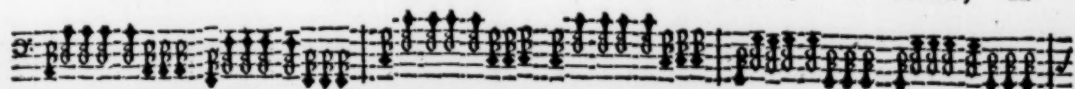
falls, with Noise fo lou — — — — — d, it deafs the Ocean's
 falls, with noise fo lou — — — — — d, it deafs the Ocean's



roar : A—larm'd , A—larm'd , A—larm'd , A—



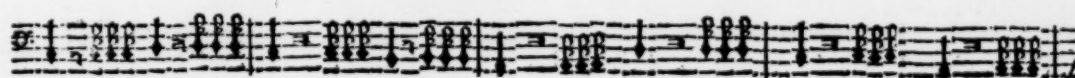
roar : A—maz'd , A—maz'd , A—larm'd , A—



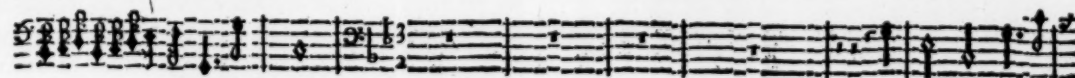
maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—



maz'd, the clatt'—ring Orbs, the clatt'—



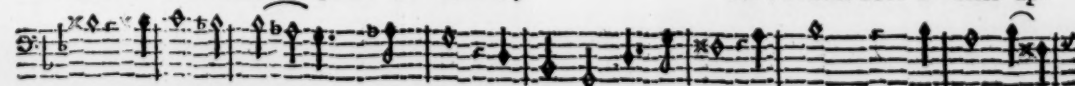
—ring Orbs come down. The Virtuous Soul a-lone ap-pears un-



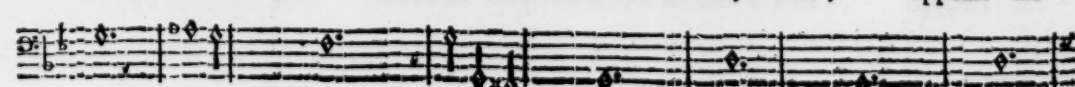
—ring Orbs come down. The Virtuous Soul a-



mo—v'd, ap-pears un-mov'd; the Virtuous Soul a-lone ap-



lone appears, ap-pears unmov'd; the Virtuous Soul a-lone, a-lone , appears un-

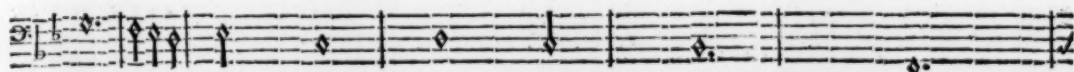




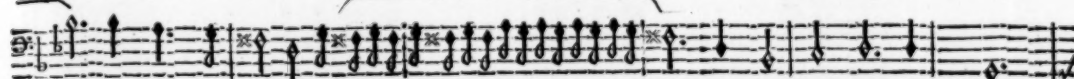
pears un-mov'd, ap-pears unmov'd, while Earth's Foundations sha



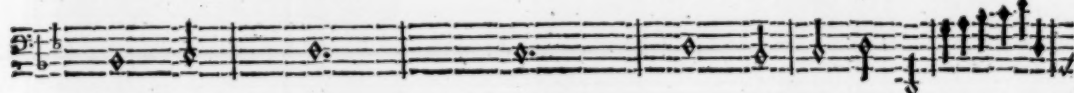
mo—v'd, ap-pears unmov'd, while Earth's Foundations sha



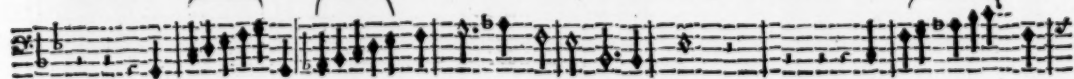
-ke while Earth's Foundations sha ————— ke, while Earth's Foundations shake; af-



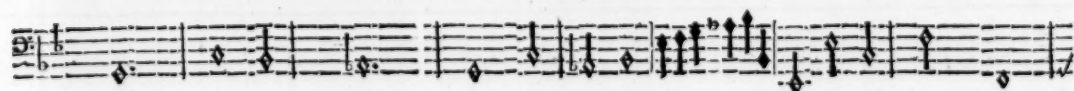
-ke, while Earth's Foundations sha ————— ke, while Earth's Foundations shake;



cends, af-cends, afcends, and mocks the Univerfal Wreck; af-cen ————— ds, and



af-cends, af-cends, and mocks the Univerfal Wreck; af-cends, and



mocks the U ————— ni-ver-fal Wreck.



mocks the U ————— ni-ver-fal Wreck.



F I N I S.

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HYMNS:
BEING A
SUPPLEMENT

To the Second BOOK of
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A Divine HYMN, Set by Mr. Jer. Clark.

Very Slow.

Blest be those sweet

Regions where E—ter—nal Peace, E—ter—nal

Peace and Mu—sick, Mu—sick, Mu—sick

are ; Blest be those, Blest, Blest be those sweet

Regions where E—ter—nal Peace and Mu—

—sick are ;

That so—lid, so—lid calm, and that bright day, where brighter An—gels Sing and

Pray; that so—lid Calm; and that bright Day, where bright—ter An—gels

Sing and Pray, where bright—ter An—gels Sing and Pray.

Slow. We a Ruf—fled World en—

—dure, ne—ver Ea—fy, ne—ver

ca—fy nor fe—cure; we a

Ruf—fled World en—dure, never Ea—sy; never, never, never

Ea—sy; never, never, never Ea—sy, nor Se—cure, never Ea—sy

never, never, never Ea—sy; never, never, never Ea—sy, nor Se—cure.

Blest be those Souls; ; blest, blest, blest be those Souls which dwell a—

—bove, in Ex—ta—sies of Mu — — — — — tual Love; Blest be those

Souls which dwell above, in Ex—ta—sies of mu—tual mutual Love, in

Ex-ta-sies of mu-tual, mu-tual Love.

A HYMN *on* Divine MUSICK, Set by Mr. William Crofts.

Hast art thou? From what Cau-ses dost thou spring? Oh!

Mu-sick thou Divine Mi-sterious thing; Oh! Mu-sick thou Divine Mi-sterious thing? Let me,

let me but Know, let me, let me but Know, and knowing give me

Voice to Sin- - - - -g; let me, let me but

Know, and knowing give me Voice to Sin- - - - -g?

Art thou the warmth in Spring? Art thou the

warmth in Spring that Ze-phire breaths? Art thou the warmth in

Spring, that Ze-phire breaths, paint-ing the Meads, and whist-ling

through the Leaves. The happy, happy, Season, the happy, happy Sea-son that all

grief - - - - - ex-iles, when God is Pleas'd and the Cre-

-a-tion Smi-les, smi-

... -les the Cre-a-tion smiles? Or art thou Love, that mind to mind im-

— parts, the end—less con-cord, the end—less concord of a—greeing Hearts?

Or art thou Friendship, yet a no—

— bler Flame? Or art thou Friendship yet a no—

— bler Flame, that can a dearer, a dearer way, can a dearer way make

Souls the same? Or art thou ra-ther which do all transcend, the Centre which at

laft the Bleft af-cend, the Bleft af-cend, the Bleft af-cend,

the Seat where Ha-le-lu-jah's, Ha-le-lu-jah's,

Ha-le-lu-jah's ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, never,

ne-ver end, Hal-le-lu-jah's ne-ver, ne-ver end; Cor--

—po—real Eyes won't let us clearly fee, won't let us clear—ly fee, but

either thou art Heav'n, or Heav'n is thee.

F I N I S.

